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THE VETERAN
J.L. Wallack

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No. CCXX.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

THE VETERAN ;

OR,

FRANCE AND ALGERIA.

A Drama, in Six Tableaux.

BY J. LESTER WALLACK.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,

RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATER.

NEW YORK :

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

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NEW YORK:
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CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[THE VETERAN.]

As performed at Wallack's Theater, New York, January, 1859.

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| <i>Colonel Delmar</i> | Mr Wallack. |
| <i>Leon Delmar, his Son</i> | " Lester Wallack. |
| <i>Eugene, the Colonel's Protege</i> | " Wheatleigh. |
| <i>Captain Belmont</i> | " Levere. |
| <i>Lieutenant Mortier</i> | " Lascelles. |
| <i>Lieutenant Loriele</i> | " Tree. |
| <i>The Emir Mohammed, an Arab Chief</i> | " Dyott. |
| <i>Ost-an-agan, Grand Vizier</i> | " Brougham. |
| <i>The Sultan of Myra</i> | " Bangs. |
| <i>Oglou</i> | " Chippendale. |
| <i>Hassan Noureddin</i> | " Young. |
| <i>Mustapha Moulrad</i> | " Jeffries. |
| <i>Seyd</i> | " Parsloe. |
| <i>Osman</i> | " Oliver. |
| <i>Sergeant Sampson</i> | " Bernard. |
| <i>Sergeant Beaucour</i> | " Hodges. |
| <i>Mrs. MacShake</i> | Mrs. Vernon. |
| <i>Blanche Delmar</i> | Miss Gannon. |
| <i>Amineh, Sister to the Emir</i> | Mrs. Hoey. |
| <i>Gulnare, Chief Sultana</i> | Mrs. Sloan. |
| <i>Zaida</i> | Miss Orton. |
| <i>Aura, an Almeh</i> | " Ernestine Henrade. |

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Center*. L. C. *Left Center*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Center Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

* * * The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

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THE VETERAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*France—An elegant apartment in the villa of COLONEL DELMAR.*

EUGENE *discovered standing in a traveling costume with his cap in his hand*
—LOUIS *just finishing lighting the candelabras—The COLONEL'S sword, cap and sash are on the sofa—Two SERVANTS discovered drawing curtains.*

Eugene. The Colonel has dined, you say?

Louis. Just finished, sir; told me to bring lights and to say he would be with you directly.

Eug. Are not those his sword and sash?

Louis. Yes, sir; he has been sitting for his portrait in uniform to-day, for Miss Blanche.

Eug. You gave him the dispatch I brought?

Louis. Yes, sir.

Colonel. [*Without.*] Very well; when he returns tell him to come to me.

Louis. That is the Colonel's voice, sir.

Enter COLONEL DELMAR—Exit LOUIS.

Colonel. Ah, Eugene! my boy! glad to see you. Have you dined?

Eug. Thank you, yes, sir; on the road.

Col. On the road—sorry for ye—frog soup, hard bread, bad butter; never mind, we'll have supper by and by. Now sit ye down.

Eug. I trust the ladies are well, and Leon?

Col. Oh, yes, thank ye, all well; and the regiment—my children, my lambs, eh?

Eug. All well, sir, only longing to see the Colonel back again.

Col. What! the villains! do they grudge me a month's leave of absence now and then. Well, well, all that's over now, and as you've been a good boy lately, Eugene, you shall know the contents of the dispatch you brought me. What think you of marching orders, my lad?

Eug. For the regiment, sir?

Col. "For the regiment," of course. You don't suppose they'd send me *without* the regiment, do you?

Eug. No, sir; but—

Col. "But," but what?

Eug. Might I ask *where* we are going?

Col. To be sure, that's the best of the tidings. To Algiers! Algiers, my boy! think of that! Aha! there's your other epaulette in perspective for ye.

Eug. [*Aside.*] Oh, Blanche, how shall I tell you this!

Col. Eh, what's that about Blanche?

Eug. Oh, I was merely remarking that the parting from you will be a sad day for Miss Blanche.

Col. Why, yes, I do flatter myself that my little niece is fond of me, and will feel my absence—but I've a plan with regard to her; and, as I always consider every one's convenience, I think you'll say when you hear it, that I've chalked out a very happy existence for her.

Eug. [*Aside.*] A plan with regard to Blanche. This will be worth hearing.

Col. By the by, Eugene, what do you think of my English connection, Mrs. MacShake?

Eug. A dignified sort of person, sir.

Col. Yes, she is *that*, certainly.

Eug. And uncommonly fond of you, sir.

Col. D'ye think so? [*Aside.*] He sees it, I knew I was right. I say Eugene, she's a widow, you know.

Eug. Yes, sir—so I've understood.

Col. Yes—and when a widow invites herself to stay a week or two, and then makes it a month or two—installing herself as one of the family in the meanwhile, and sticking to you like a leech—why then, Eugene, then—

Eug. What, sir?

Col. Oh, nothing—only I'm devilsh glad we're going to Algiers—that's all. Where's Leon?

Eug. Louis informed me that he has been out with his gun two hours ago, sir.

Col. Glad of it. The more he sticks to rural sports, and the less he thinks of the army, the better I like it. Somebody must stay at home and take care of the estate. Every French family should have at least one soldier in it, and as I always study everybody's convenience, why I'll go to Algiers and reap glory, and he shall stay at home and reap corn.

Eug. And Miss Blanche, sir?

Col. Aha! that's it. I mean to—but Mrs. MacShake will be in presently, and I've a little family arrangement to disclose to her which you may stay and hear if you like.

Eug. [*Aside.*] It may concern Blanche. [*Aloud.*] Anything affecting your family, my dear sir, must always interest me.

Col. Thankye, my boy, thankye, I believe you are sincere, too—but harkye, Eugene.

Eug. Well, sir?

Col. I want you to hand Mrs. MacShake to a chair, when she comes in.

Eug. Mrs. MacShake is very punctilious sir, and she'll surely expect you to extend that courtesy.

Col. Yes, exactly—but I'd rather not extend it to-day.

Eug. Why, sir, you always do.

Col. Yes—I know—but—the fact is—I—you—hang it, boy, I don't like my hand squeezed by a widow.

Eug. Oh! that's it. Why, sir—she *may* squeeze *mine*.

Col. No, she won't. You're a Lieutenant—she's too old a soldier to squeeze for anything under a Major.

Eug. Why, sir—you surely don't suspect—

Col. Yes I do. I *more* than suspect. I'm an old campaigner—you're a young one; and as I always study every one's convenience, I'll give you both my experience and advice. Experience.—When they *sigh*, they're plotting mischief—when they *ogle*, they're at it—when they squeeze your hand, they've nearly *done* it. Advice.—When they *sigh*, suspect—when they *ogle*, observe—when they squeeze, run.

Eug. Odd advice for a soldier, sir.

Col. Can't help that—it's your only chance. I'm a Frenchman, 'tis true, but I don't think I've much of our national gallantry—I don't know why—soldier's life, perhaps. I hope the widow won't try it on too far—for though not gallant, I trust I'm polite, and as I always study everyone's convenience, I don't want to tell her to go to the devil!

Eug. That much of gallantry I certainly do give you credit for, Colonel.

Col. Here she comes—oh! one thing more—promise me you won't leave the room while she's in it?

Eug. My dear sir—

Col. You must, I tell you—I sought this interview, but I don't want to be left alone with her any more.

Enter MRS. MACSHAKE, R. 2 E.

Mrs. M. Good morning, cousin—I received your message, and on the wings of affection and family feeling, I come punctually to the hour.

Col. [*Aside to EUGENE.*] D'ye hear that—she's beginning to talk about wings. Cupid has wings—Oh, Lord! [*Aloud.*] Pray sit down. Lieutenant, conduct Mrs. MacShake to a seat.

[*She avoids EUGENE and puts her hand into that of the COLONEL.*]

[*Aside, as he hands her to sofa, L.*] Failure of manœuvre the first. Sit her out, my boy—sit her out.

Mrs. M. Eh?

Col. I'm telling him to sit down.

Mrs. M. Ah! then I suppose he is to be a party to your communication. Well, proceed Colonel, I'm all attention.

Col. You are aware, Mrs. MacShake, that I always study every one's convenience.

Mrs. M. I often hear you *say* so.

Col. Why, yes—I believe I *do* repeat it now and then, but this is a confounded ungrateful world we live in, ma'am, and if you don't cram your good qualities down the throat of society, you'll never get any credit for them.

Mrs. M. There may be some truth in that, too.

Col. Well, madam, to prove that in this case, at least, I truly do myself justice, I will without further preface, inform you that I have received orders for foreign service, and as there's no knowing what may be the result as regards my own fate, I have determined to consummate a design I have long set my heart upon—I mean the marrying my niece Blanche to my son Leon. [*EUGENE starts up, COLONEL stops him.*] What are you about? Sit down. I have left them this estate and farm, so that whatever happens to me, my dear boy will have a home and domestic ties to prevent him from becoming a wild roaming old good for nothing, like his father—I shall see them comfortably married before I start, and—

Eug. [*Aside.*] I can bear this no longer.

[*Going.*]

Col. Hallo! here—stop! Eugene, where the deuce are you going?

Eug. Excuse me, sir—I—I I'm not very well—a sudden faintness, I wan't air—pray pardon me.

[*Exit, 2 E. R. H.*]

Col. Want air—why, damn it, all the windows are open. What is the matter with the boy? Here, Eugene!

Mrs. M. Colonel, permit me to suggest that you had better allow the young gentleman to recover himself—he was evidently very indisposed, he seemed almost choking.

Col. Choking! what! a subaltern—when his Colonel required his attention—to dare to choke! Pretty dicipline, upon my word!

Mrs. M. Pray let me intercede for him—

Col. Well, as I always study every one's convenience, he may choke this time, but don't let him try it again, that's all.

Enter BLANCHE, L. 2. E.

Well, to resume; as I said, I intend—ah, here is Blanche.

Blanche. What's the matter, my dear Colonel? I thought I heard your voice in anger.

Mrs. M. Good evening, Blanche dear. The Colonel and myself were discussing a matter that it would be as well perhaps for you to be consulted on.

Col. What—consulted? Not at all; there is no consultation in the case. Decision—decision's the word, madam. However as I don't like to be abrupt [*crosses*—my dear, you're going to be married on Thursday.

Blanche. Sir!

Col. To my son, Leon.

Blanche. Sir, I—

Col. All settled, my dear—duly discussed in a council of three, called for the occasion.

Blanche. My dear sir, you're surely not in earnest?

Col. The devil I'm not! Wait till Thursday, that's all. Council of three, I tell ye—Mrs. MacShake Eugene, and myself. Mrs. MacShake is here to congratulate you; *Fn* here to congratulate you;

and Eugene—oh no; by the by, he's gone out to choke; but he'll be here presently, I suppose.

Blanche. But, sir, does—does Leon know of this?

Col. Lord bless ye, no. Plenty of time for that. He's a fine lad—been brought up with proper notions of duty and obedience.

Blanche. But, sir, he don't—

Col. I know, I know. You're going to say he don't love you—never mind, he'll marry you to oblige me; and, egad, he'll love you soon enough—for you are a darling good little girl, and no one can well help loving you. You see, my dear, I'm suddenly ordered off out of France, which has induced me to expedite this matter a little. Let me see—twelve, yes, twelve o'clock—we'll have the wedding on Thursday at twelve.

Mrs. M. And, pray, may I ask when do you mean to inform your son?

Col. On Thursday, at half-past eleven.

Mrs. M. What?

Col. Oh, bless your soul! I'll show you an example of filial obedience—a vindication of my system of rearing a son. A wedding and a champagne breakfast all on the same morning; and if *that* isn't a day's treat, I don't know what is.

Blanche. Uncle, I must, once for all—

Col. I know, I know. Gratitude, delight, thanks, &c., &c. Never mind all that. There, give me a kiss; and now I'll leave you. [*Crosses, R.*] A husband, a house, a farm—there's a prospect for you! Mrs. MacShake, you shall superintend all the preparations—there's a prospect for you!

Mrs. M. In the meantime, Colonel, you and I will take a little stroll, and talk it over.

Col. [*Aside.*] There's a prospect for me!

[*Exeunt COLONEL and MRS. MACSHAKE, through window.*]

Blanche. Oh! this is dreadful! What will poor Eugene say?

[*Sinks into a chair.*]

Enter EUGENE, R. 2 E.

Eug. Blanche dearest, have you heard—

Blanche. I have, I have. What is to be done? Oh, Eugene, did I not frankly tell you that my position was that of a dependent, penniless orphan? Did I not warn you that our concealed engagement could never end in happiness?

Eug. You did; I admit it. But is it not cruel to think that our most sacred hopes and aspirations must thus be yielded up—that *because* we are dependent and penniless—*because* we are destitute of all but the heart's pure affections, those very affections must be the final sacrifice to fate?

Blanche. It is—it is. But what's the use of romantic speeches. You, as well as myself, owe a deep debt of gratitude to my kind uncle. Here is a project that he has evidently been nursing for some time, and which, if carried out, is to reconcile him in some measure to parting with his darling son. Can we then, ought we to thwart—

Eug. No, no, dear Blanche, but if Leon himself should object.

Blanche. But he won't, Eugene, he won't. He's such an amiable, careless, kind creature, that to oblige his father, he'd marry me if I was ever so old and ugly, and he told me only yesterday, that I was a pretty little pet. Oh, dear!

Eug. He did, did he?

Blanche. Yes, and that if I was a good girl, he'd take me out part-ridge shooting.

Eug. How very kind.

Blanche. And then he gave me—oh, dear! oh, dear!

Eug. Gave you—a kiss I suppose?

Blanche. Two. Oh, oh, oh!

[*Cries.*

Eug. The devil he did! There are but two chances for us—either to marry at once and brave everything and everybody, or to enlist Leon in our cause—and, stay! a thought strikes me. [*A whistle heard outside.*] Here he comes; now, while I speak to him, do you go and frankly confide our secret to Mrs. MacShake, try and awake her sympathies.

Blanche. I can't—I don't know how to.

Eug. Love must inspire you dearest, as it will me—go and lose not a moment.

Blanche. I'll go, but 'twill be of no use. I see the end of it all: I shall be married against my will, and you'll go to Algiers, and have your head cut off by those nasty Arabs, and stuck upon a pole.

[*Exit crying* 2 E. L. H.

Eug. Dear girl, what a cheerful view she takes of everything. Now for my project, if I can but inspire Leon with a little military ardor, it may work wonders in our favor.

Leon. [*Without R.*] Be quiet, ah—dogs—down Fidele—down Lady.

Enter LEON, R. 2 E.

Leon. Confound the dogs, one would suppose a couple of hours' run would tame them a little. Ah! Eugene, what the deuce have you been doing these two months? Why didn't you come and try the birds?

Eug. I've been making arrangements for a different kind of shooting, my boy, we're off.

Leon. Oh, you're off, are you? Where?

Eug. Marching orders—Algiers—glory—promotion! I'm wild with joy!

Leon. I dare say you are. Well, every man to his taste—ours differ.

Eug. They do indeed, and a great pity it is.

Leon. I don't see that at all. Each has his own way and both are contented—a rare state of things in this world, my boy—you're a soldier, I'm a sportsman—you like killing men and putting them in a pit—I like killing birds and putting them in a pie. Your game is glory, and my glory's game!

Eug. I don't envy you the difference, Leon. These are not times for a true son of France to be dawning about a farm yard with a fowling-piece in his hand instead of a sabre. Farming—pshaw!

Leon. My dear fellow, some of the "Sons of France" must do the

farming, or it will be left to the daughters, and I don't think that would be a convenient arrangement.

Eug. True—there must be tillers of the soil—but these need not be chosen from men of your stamp.

Leon. Well, my father don't at all think with you in this respect, for his greatest desire is that I should avoid a soldier's life.

Eug. [*Aside.*] Oh Lord! that's a poser. But my dear Leon, don't you see why that is (or rather appears to be) the case? It is because he perceives no signs of military aspiration in you—because he would not force upon you that which might be distasteful—that is all.

Leon. Are you sure of that?

Eug. Certain. In his secret heart, I know he pants to discover in you one sign, however trifling, of admiration for the deeds of our heroes, or of ambition to emulate them.

Leon. Then why don't he tell me so? What's the use of panting when he might do so much more by explaining?

Eug. My dear fellow, you're so matter-of-fact. His delicacy prevents him from even hinting a desire which might be in direct opposition to your own wishes.

Leon. My dear, good old dad! Then how charming a surprise would it be for him if I should at once throw off all restraint or concealment—burst forth into military ardor, and insist on accompanying him in his next campaign?

Eug. It would! it would! Think of storming the enemy's camp—scattering the haughty Arabs like sheep!

Leon. It would be exciting.

Eug. Would it not? would it not? By heavens! I see it now. Your father mounts the breach—you are by his side—

Leon. [*Goes to sofa, L.*] I am! I am! [*Seizing EUGENE'S sword.*]

Eug. Your country's flag is in your hand!

Leon. [*Seizing a fire screen.*] It is!

Eug. Your right arm is covered with the blood of foes.

Leon. It is—that is it *shall* be.

Eug. Look at it; how gratifying to the brave heart.

Leon. And how trying to the shirt sleeves. No matter, you've fired my soul.

Eug. [*Aside.*] Bravo!

Leon. Where were we?

Eug. In the breach.

Leon. Yes, yes, 'tis here.

[*Jumps over sofa.*]

Eug. Now we're on the rampart.

Leon. [*Jumping on table.*] We are!

Eug. The tricolor waves aloft!

Leon. The tricolor is only *one* color—but no matter—hurrah!

Eug. Hurrah! an Arab attacks your parent.

Leon. He does!

Eug. You cut him down!

Leon. I do! come and be the Arab.

Eug. No, no, I thank you.

Leon. No matter! die false infidel! France has one foe the less. [*Stabs a chair and throws it down.*] Come on villains!

Eug. Stop, stop! you'll destroy the furniture.

Leon. I don't care—I may as well kill 'em all while I'm at it.

[*General destruction and knocking about, in the midst of which the COLONEL, MRS. MACSHAKE, C., BLANCHE, L., and servants enter R. and L.*

Col. What the devil's the matter!

Leon. Ha! my father's saved! hurrah! [*Seizes COLONEL—throws him on a settee and stands over him.*] Shout! shout! I say, or I'll discharge ye all. [*All shout.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Same.* *Some of the furniture, supposed to have been broken, replaced by other articles.*

The COLONEL discovered at table, R.

Col. Here's a pretty finish to all my long and dearly-cherished designs for the happiness of that ungrateful young scamp! Upon my life, I believe he's seized with a sudden fit of insanity. [*Rising.*] However, he's safely locked up. And now let me reflect how this sudden malady is to be counteracted. Who can have put such notions into his head? It can't be Eugene; for *he* was evidently trying to restrain him. By Jupiter, here's Mrs. MacShake; and we shall be alone together, in the teeth of all my precautions. Her countenance wears an expression of momentous import. I see it; she has taken advantage of a temporary confusion in our ranks, to try a decisive charge. Good generalship; but I shall meet it with my *reserve*.

Enter MRS. MACSHAKE, L. 2 E.

Mrs. M. Colonel, I wish for a few moments' private conversation.

Col. [*Aside.*] Private—I knew it. [*Aloud.*] Certainly, madam.

Mrs. M. [*Aside, as the COLONEL places chairs.*] He seems tolerably calm. Now to keep my promise to poor little Blanche, and to intercede for the the lovers. Colonel, my unaffected sympathy with your disappointment in regard to some family arrangements, in which you have been for the moment thwarted, will be the best proof to you of the disinterestedness—

Col. [*Aside.*] That's the word; they always begin by being disinterested.

Mrs. M. Sir—

Col. Nothing. I beg your pardon; proceed.

Mrs. M. Of the disinterestedness of my feelings in what I am going to propose.

Col. [Aside.] She's going to propose. Courage, my boy ; be firm.

Mrs. M. You will be disposed, I presume, to admit that your management of family matters has been, in some degree, erroneous—that, in short, all your long-cherished plans are overturned, as it were, at a single blow.

Col. Overturned, madam ? No, checked, merely checked.

Mrs. M. Well, you admit you've been checked ?

Col. Yes, madam, but I don't mean to be *mated*.

Mrs. M. Eh ? Really, I don't quite comprehend.

Col. Oh, a mere exclamation—Do you play at chess ?

Mrs. M. No—why ?

Col. No matter—Pray go on.

Mrs. M. Before offering my assistance to set matters right, I must inform you that a sentiment has found its way into the heart of an individual in this house.

Col. Madam, I know it has, and, as I always study every one's convenience—

Mrs. M. You will, of course, allow me to proceed without interruption—of an individual, indeed, I should say of *two* individuals—

Col. [Aside.] Well, that's cool. [*Aloud.*] I beg madam, you'll answer for yourself alone.

Mrs. M. In this case, I'm compelled to speak for others. I certainly do think it a great pity, they don't speak for themselves.

Col. [Aside.] Well if that's not a broad hint—I don't know what is.

Mrs. M. I see you understand me. I need mention no names.

Col. Oh, no ! Its plain enough.

Mrs. M. Pray Colonel, sit a little nearer to me.

Col. Some pitying cherub hover near me.

Mrs. M. [Aside.] I wish Blanche were here. [*Aloud*] There is a cherub nearer to you than you think.

Col. [Aside.] The vain old devil !

Mrs. M. Though that dear cherub might feel no hesitation in declaring *her* feelings—he—

Col. [Aside] Meaning *me*.

Mrs. M. He would hesitate. But why should he ? Why should he not rather declare the adoration which I know has long lain concealed in his trembling heart. I actually saw it before he himself suspected it.

Col. [Aside.] You did indeed !

Mrs. M. Then why not declare himself ? Would he not be received with favor—with forgiveness—with affection ?

Col. There's not the least doubt but he would, madame.

Mrs. M. Indeed ! Then my point is gained.

[*Rises.*]

Col. Eh !

Mrs. M. Not a word—not a word more—you dear, good creature. I'll leave you now. I'll go and convey this joyful news ; I'm delighted at this most unexpected success.

Col. But I tell you ma'am—

Mrs. M. Farewell—farewell—I've a thousand things to do and to say, and I shan't be happy till they're *done* and *said*. Good by—oh, you dear, good creature !

[*Exit, 2 E. L. H.*]

Col. It's all over with me. She's gone for a priest or perhaps she's made up her mind to marry me at the same time that my son marries Blanche. Insatiate spirit of matrimony! Could not one sacrifice content thee? must ye have two victims on the same day? at the same altar? *Two*, victims did I say? aye—but how different our cases. Leon is happy—happy because unconscious. *He* grasps the torch of Hymen beholding nothing but its brightness, whilst *I* have it applied to *me* knowing by experience how damnably I shall be scorched. Hey day! stop though! *will* he marry? will he conform to my wishes now he's got the confounded sword and musket madness on him?

Enter LEON, C. at back.

On one thing I'm determined however—he's in his own room, and he shan't leave it until I've given this new fancy its death-blow. At any rate, he shall never, with my consent go to—

Leon. [*Who has seated himself R. and taken a book begins to read aloud.*] “War, its causes and consequences by Henri Dupeltier.”

Col. By all that's impudent, he's left his room without permission. Stay, what is he reading? [*Conceals himself.*]

Leon. [*Reading.*] “But it is not always that victories, however brilliant, will ensure satisfactory success, or prevent the victors themselves from becoming ultimately severe sufferers; and well has money been called the sinews of war; for if the poorer party be the victor, the expenses he may have undergone, however trifling, may still leave him the greater sufferer, inasmuch as he could less afford a small sacrifice than his antagonist a large one.” Hum!

Col. Well, sir! and what do you think of that?

Leon. Why, sir! I'm just thinking what I think of it.

Col. And pray, what what should *I* think of an undutiful young scamp who has dared to leave his room in direct opposition to my express desire?

Leon. I could'n't presume to dictate thoughts to my parents.

Col. How came you to leave your room, I say?

Leon. I left my room, father, because I found the door open.

Col. Why, sir, I locked you in, and here's the key. So when did you find the door open?

Leon. When I had taken off the lock.

Col. Well, of all the insolent—Oh! you took the lock off, did you? [*Makes mem. in note-book.*] Very well!

Leon. Yes, sir! *very* well! for I did not injure the door in the least.

Col. None of your small wit, sir. Sit down here and answer me truly, what do you mean by this sudden assumption of military ardor?

Leon. Assumption, sir! there's no assumption in the case—and now let us have no further concealment from each other.

Col. Concealment! What d'ye mean?

Leon. My dear father! the long cherished wish of your secret heart shall be gratified.

Col. Long cherished wish of the devil! What are you talking about?

Leon. Yes! yes! together we will mount the ramparts of——

Col. [*Rising.*] If you begin that foolery again, I'll break your head. Listen to me. [*Sits—aside.*] I'll try and give him a sickener of war in *one* respect however. I believe your quarterly allowance is due to-day?

Leon. I believe it is, sir.

Col. Well, you won't have to wait. I am pretty exact in my payments of it.

Leon. Punctuality in that respect, I have always remarked, is one of the most estimable of your many virtues.

Col. I don't want any compliments, sir! There's your money.

Leon. [*Rises.*] [*About to pocket it.*] Thank you, sir.

Col. Stay! You'd better count it.

Leon. My dear sir!

Col. I'd rather you did.

Leon. Oh, well.

[*Counts it.*]

Col. Well—all right?

Leon. Why! to say the truth——

Col. What! not right?

Leon. Not quite.

Col. Why, what's your allowance?

Leon. 8,000 francs a year, sir.

Col. Making 2000 a quarter?

Leon. Precisely, sir—but I have here only 990 francs.

Col. Ah! you have not looked at the paper the money was wrapped in?

Leon. No.

Col. Well, do.

Leon. [*Reads.*] "Leon Delmar, Jr, to Leon Delmar, Jr., Dr. To sundry articles of furniture destroyed in battle, 1000 francs—To patent lock to dressing-room door, 10 francs—Total, 1010 francs. Received payment." Signed "Leon Delmar."

Col. [*Who has taken up the book—reads.*] "For if the poorer party be the victor, the expenses he may have undergone, however trifling, may still leave him the greater sufferer, inasmuch as he could less afford a small sacrifice than his antagonist a large one." What do you think of that, *now*?

Leon. I have experienced its truth, at any rate.

Col. Heyday! here's another passage marked down—why you're quite a student! Let me see. Perhaps we may find a way of illustrating *this* too. "Trophies of war are, for the most part, but bitter remembrances, the retention and exhibition of them fostering and reviving hostile sentiments. It would be as well, therefore, that, on the conclusion of a war, all trophies of victory should be returned to their original owners." Certainly.

Leon. Certainly. There's your lock, sir, and I'll trouble you for 10 francs.

Col. Eh! well, come—the retort is a fair one—you don't get much by it though. [*Giving 10 francs—Crosses to L.*]

Leon. No; but it carries out the principle.

Col. And now, my dear boy, let us have a little serious and rational

chat. What the deuce caused this sudden revolution in all your ideas?

Leon. It *was* sudden, was'nt it?

Col. You never displayed any military enthusiasm before.

Leon. Never.

Col. You were always contented with things as they were?

Leon. Quite.

Col. I've just proved to you that war may sometimes turn out a losing game.

Leon. You have.

Col. Then what should induce you to persevere in this nonsense?

Leon. Love for my father, and a due regard to the long cherished—

Col. Stuff and humbug, sir? I wish you'd cherish a little common sense.

Leon. A natural longing—hand in hand with you to mount the rampart—

Col. I tell you what—if you mount the rampart again, I'll knock you off of it as flat as a flounder. You'll drive me mad! Who the devil put such an idea into your head?

Leon. Do you mean to tell me, on your honor, sir, that it is not the real desire of your heart that I should become a soldier?

Col. On my honor it is *not*.

Leon. [*Partly aside.*] He is mistaken then.

Col. He is, most confoundedly, whoever he may be.

Leon. Well, my dear sir, my first wish is to gratify you.

Col. Thank you, thank you, my dear boy—and you'll remain on the farm?

Leon. To be sure, sir, if you desire it.

Col. [*Rising.*] Well said; and after all, what nobler employment can there be for a gentleman than the culture of the land.

Leon. None, sir.

Col. Improving our breeds of cattle, sheep and above all, of horses.

Leon. True sir, true.

Col. Imagine my delight on my return from campaigning, to find my son with an improved farm to show me, and a wife—

Leon. Oh, I'm to be married, then?

Col. To be sure, my boy—you won't object to that?

Leon. Not at all.

Col. And as I always study every one's convenience I've fixed on the lady.

Leon. Oh! you have!

Col. Yes, you'll be delighted—just the person for you—no giddiness, steady, sensible, eh? can't you guess? She's in the house now.

Leon. Mrs. MacShake?

Col. Mrs. MacDevil! no sir; my ward—my darling Blanche!

Leon. Ah! that's another affair!

Col. I should think so indeed, so now my heart's at rest and everything will go smoothly. Come Leon, let us look at the stables and the farm. I've a great deal to say to you on the subject before I depart, and we may as well begin at once. Come along, my boy, away with all soldiering—leave that to *me*—think of grain, cattle—

Leon. Horses.

Col. Sheep.

Leon. Dogs.

Col. A house.

Leon. Stables.

Col. A wife.

Leon. Poultry.

Col. Children.

Leon. Chickens!

[*Exeunt COLONEL and LEON, 2 E. R. H.*

Enter MRS. MACSHAKE and BLANCHE, 2 E. L. H.

Blanche. Oh, my dear madame, how good you are ; but are you sure you understood the Colonel rightly.

Mrs. M. There was no possibility of misunderstanding ; why he met all my propositions half-way, absolutely half-way, my dear.

Blanche. Now that is really delightful ! though I am very sorry for poor Leon. Isn't it charming to have one's choice of two such handsome fellows ?

Mrs. M. My dear ! my dear ! decorum.

Blanche. Oh yes, of course. Decorum's very nice and very proper and all that, but I do pity poor Leon.

Mrs. M. Not the slightest occasion for any pity in the matter, my love. His heart is set on a soldier's life ; and that being the case, he very wisely repudiated all idea of marriage—and he is in the right. A pretty reflection, truly, for a poor wretch of a man, that while he is daily risking his precious life in the field, and nightly counting the dreary hours of the bivouac, his wife is flirting and gadding, and dancing and ogling the time away in Paris—whilst, how ladies can find anything either useful or ornamental in husbands eternally a thousand miles off, I am at a loss to conceive. However, you have set your foolish little heart on a soldier, and I sha'n't say a word more on *that* point.

Blanche. Ah ! but Leon's new freak is a very sudden one ; and when the first flush is over, I know he'll think of me, and then he'll begin to find what a fool he was. But it can't be helped now, can it ?

Mrs. M. My dear, how *very* childish you are ! You have made your choice ; your sympathies are now due, not to Leon, but to Eugene.

Blanche. Of course—besides Eugene asked me first.

Mrs. M. There, let's change the subject. I've a little bit of intelligence about myself that will interest you, perhaps. I have already told you that my married life was never a very happy one, and that when my husband was lost at sea in that unfortunate ship, the Hereford, unworthy as he was, I regretted his untimely fate. This, it appears, came to the ears of an elder brother of mine in India—a bachelor. I received from him a copy of his will, leaving me the bulk of his large fortune, and a letter requesting me, if I did not fear the climate, to come to him to India, and cheer his last days, which, as he is in feeble health, he feared were fast approaching, so I determined to go.

Blanche. Good gracious ! to India ?

Mrs. M. Yes, dear, and but for the circumstances which have

lately transpired, I should have proposed taking you with me as an adopted daughter.

Blanche. Dear Madam!

Mrs. M. But perhaps all is for the best, and—

Enter EUGENE, R. 2 E.

Eug. My dear madam, pray pardon me; but I fear all our plans are being rapidly rendered useless.

Blanche. Oh, Eugene!

Mrs. M. Bless us all! What's the matter now?

Eug. Why, the matter is that I've just met the Colonel and Leon, arm-in-arm, on a tour of inspection through the farm; the Colonel talking away, explaining this, praising that, and advising the other, and Leon evidently agreeing with everything he said.

Mrs. M. Well, and you infer from that—

Eug. That the Colonel has been working a counter-revolution. Oh! there's no doubt of it. Here, you can see them now through this window. Look at Leon, obviously entering heart and soul into the whole argument—becoming every moment more agricultural. He's got a spade in one hand—

Blanche. And a little pig in the other. Oh! there's no hope for us.

Eug. The Colonel has gone towards the stables. Leon is coming this way. Leave him to me. I must make a last desperate effort.

Mrs. M. Well, what I *could* do to assist ye, I *have* done. What I *can* do now, I *will*. Ah, Blanche, you had better have been my companion to India—well there, there, I won't tease ye—let us leave Eugene to revive, if he can, the warlike fire which seems to be at the very last flicker.

Blanche. Now Eugene, remember, everything depends on you. Be eloquent, there's a dear, and delicate. You hear he's flickering, a very little will put him out.

Eug. Never fear.

Blanche. I don't believe you were half impressive enough before, or he could not have changed so soon—did you say anything about his country's flag?

Eug. Of course, I did. There, leave us together.

Blanche. Well you must try the flag again—oh, and Eugene—

Eug. Well, well.

Blanche. Talk about the "Sons of glory." To be sure, glory has got an immense family of them, but there's room for a few more—and—Eugene—

Eug. What!

Blanche. Mention Bombshells—I don't know what they are, but the Colonel says there's nothing so effective. [*Exit* 2 E. L. H.]

Eug. Yes, yes, of course. Now for trial number two—not that I have the slightest hope of a second success. Let me see! What on earth can I begin with? Blanche has driven all sober sense out of my head with her confounded stuff about "Sons of Glory" and "Bombshells." I don't know how it is, but she certainly does ap-

pear to me very silly sometimes, and yet what a loveable little creature she is!

Enter LEON, 2 E. R. H.

Ah! Leon, my dear fellow—well here you are—meditating on sabers and saddles—indulging in—

Leon. Eugene, sit down a minute, I have a few words to say to you. [*They sit.*] Eugene, I am very much obliged to you.

Eug. To me! What for?

Leon. For your kindness in revealing to me what you conceived the real state of my father's inclinations.

Eug. [*Aside.*] My hopes revive. [*Aloud.*] Oh! don't say a word about it, it was my duty to a friend.

Leon. And well did you perform that duty.

Eug. My dear Leon!

Leon. Brilliantly did you open out to my dazzled vision the glories of a soldier's life.

Eug. [*Aside.*] It's all right, by Jupiter!

Leon. And as I said before, most warmly do I thank you—[*they shake hands,*] and am really sorry you labored so hard—

Eug. Oh, don't mention it.

Leon. Under a mistake.

Eug. A mistake!

Leon. Yes, a great one. My father has no such desire.

Eug. [*Aside.*] Down we go again.

Leon. Never mind—I'm equally obliged to you.

Eug. But do you mean to say, that even admitting your father *does* oppose your becoming a soldier, you can so suddenly have descended from the sphere of magnificent aspirations in which you were wrapped. From—

Leon. Now my dear fellow, don't waste any valuable eloquence upon me—because everything is settled. You've had one pretty hard bout already, and I should be really sorry if you were to go through any more exertion—for nothing. My father wishes me to stay at home and take possession of the farm and little Blanche.

Eug. But does she love you?

Leon. I suppose so—he says she's to marry me—and he always studies every one's convenience.

Eug. On my life, this is too terrible! I'm almost ashamed to live in these degenerate days. A gentleman—a *French* gentleman to—

Leon. Oh, come! I'll tell you what, Eugene, if you're going to be rhapsodical, I don't know, after all, whether cutting hay is not quite as gentlemanly as cutting throats. Not, mind you, that I have the least desire to detract from a soldier's merit—but, hang it! a farmer is *somebody* in the social scale, after all.

Eug. He is, I admit it. But think what you give up. You'll receive no medal for thinning the number of the foes.

Leon. But I shall get one for fattening numbers of sheep.

Re-enter BLANCHE, 2 E. L. H.

Eug. Oh! think of mounting the breaches.

Leon. So I do—leather ones.

Eug. The shot plow up the enemy's ranks!

Leon. I plow up the family acres.

Eug. They yield—

Leon. So do the acres.

Eug. To the sons of glory.

Leon. To the sun of July.

Eug. [*Seeing BLANCHE.*] Think of bursting bombshells.

Leon. Think of productive egg-shells.

Blanche. [*Coming down, c.*] Oh, Leon! Leon!

Leon. What, have you been listening?

Blanche. I have, and I confess that I'm astonished, to think of one of your name surrendering fame and glory for selfish indolence.

Leon. Well, this *is* a good joke. Why, do *you* want me to turn soldier, when we're to be married to—

Blanche. Never!

Leon. Never?

Blanche. No, never will I wed the man who could give up fighting for his country to breed chickens—who could forsake the eagle for the Shanghai!

Leon. Oh, very good; then I'll go and tell my father that you won't marry me unless I turn soldier.

Blanche. No, no, no; I don't mean that.

Eug. [*Aside.*] Oh Lord! the truth must out. [*Aloud.*] Leon!

[*LEON crosses, c.*]

Blanche. Leon!

Eug. Dear Leon!

Blanche. Dear Leon!

Eug. Pity us!

Leon. Why?

Blanche. Forgive us!

Leon. What?

Eug. We.

Blanche. We.

Eug. Have loved each other!

Blanche. For a long while.

Leon. What do I hear? You have—

Blanche. Loved each other—oh, pity us!

Leon. For—

Eug. A long while—oh, forgive us!

Leon. Then why—

Eug. and Blanche. Well

Leon. The devil—

Eug. and Blanche. Oh what?

Leon. Didn't you say so at first

Blanche. Oh, joy!

Eug. Can I believe my ears?

Leon. You ought, for they must be pretty long one's, or you'd have confided in me before. What, did my old friend think I would make

him unhappy? and did my little Blanche imagine I could see her miserable? no; then take her Eugene, and with her my benediction.

As he gives her to EUGENE, *enter the* COLONEL, c. *and* MRS. MACSHAKE, 2 E. L. H.

Col. What's that I see?

Leon. [*Snatching her from* EUGENE.] Nothing; that was a mistake.

Col. No, no, the whole truth flashes upon me—deceived, thwarted on all sides—Eugene, I don't blame *you*—but *you*, madam. I do blame. Pretty propriety this, forsooth, to poke your nose into a family and turn its affairs topsy-turvy.

Mrs. M. "Poke my nose!" I'll not bear such language! Family pride points out to me the road I should go. Colonel Delmar, my nose shall offend you no more. [*Exit* 2 E. L. H.]

Blanche. [*Aside.*] Yes, yes—I will accept her offer, and so put an end to these unhappy quarrels. [*Aloud.*] Farewell, Eugene. [*To the* COLONEL.] I thank gratitude and duty for pointing to me the road I should go. [*Exit* 2 E. L. H.]

Eug. I'll to my duty. I thank despair and my country for indicating the road I shall go. [*Exit* 2 E. R. H.]

Col. I thank rage, disappointment, desperation, and the confounded Arabs for pointing out the road I shall go. [*Exit* c.]

Leon. [*Sitting down.*] And I will thank *anybody* who will point out where the devil *I'm* to go?

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Algiers*—*The quarters of* COLONEL DELMAR.

EUGENE *discovered*—*Captain* BELMONT *Lieutenants* MORTIER *and* LORIELLE *also discovered.*

Eug. By heavens, it is unbearable—this is the fifth of our poor fellows murdered within the last two weeks. This must appear a pleasant state of things to you, Loriele, who have only just arrived from Paris.

Loriele. I certainly hardly expected to find these Arabs committing their atrocities at our very doors.

Col. [*To* EUGENE.] Now, perhaps, you'll admit that I was right in keeping Leon at home in France. With his hot head, he'd have been murdered by this time. [*Music.*]

Belmont. Ah, here is Yusseff, the coffee merchant, and his brother. What will he say to *this*, I wonder.

Enter YUSSEF and AMINEH as a boy through opening L.

Mor. Oh, friend Yusseff, *you* are here. Well, here is another murder; your precious countrymen are determined to keep up their reputation as the most accomplished assassins alive.

Yusseff. The Arab fights to regain the land his fathers bequeathed to him, and does *not* assassinate. He kills your sentinels with their arms in their hands, therefore it is not *murder*.

Col. Oh, you're the fellow who has been selling coffee in the town, and buying powder in exchange, for some day's past?

Yus. I am Yusseff, the merchant.

Eug. And a great admirer of that most noted chieftain, Emir Mahammed.

Lor. What the deuce is an Emir?

Col. It's Arabic for a blood-thirsty scoundrel!

Yus. Blood-thirsty? he is not!

Bel. Slicing men's heads off in the dark, and hanging them alive in the desert, to be eaten by the vultures and hyenas, *I* should call decidedly blood-thirsty.

Col. Oh, bless you, not at all. That's a mere bagatelle. Why, sir, I have known them to crucify a poor devil of a commissariat clerk, who fell into their hands.

Yus. That was done by certain Jews of Myra, to whom he owed money.

Mor. Will you swear that it was not done by the Arabs?

Yus. I will not swear to please *you*. I have *said* it.

Ami. The Arab does not lie. That is a French accomplishment he has yet to learn.

Col. Well, you're devilish civil, whoever you are.

Yus. The Chief of the Frankish soldiers should not be angry because we fight to defend our tents. This land has belonged to the Arab for ages. It is theirs, and everything thereon, even to the dates that fall and wither in the desert. If the Franks can keep it by the sword, let them keep it. But if the Arab can retake, let him do so. They are both brave—then let them fight, but not with words, like angry women!

Col. Oh, I'll do them the justice to say that they like fighting better than talking. But why fight at all? Why the devil don't they be quiet? When first the French arrived here there were in this place about five hundred poor devils—half starved, and clad with anything but decency, and now the most of them have food, work and clothing.

Ami. Work? yes, in making fortifications against their own countrymen, and teaching them to eat forbidden food and to drink wine, to become slaves, and bring disgrace upon the blood of Ishmael! This is the civilization you enforce at the bayonet's point!

Col. I'll tell you what, my dogmatic young friend, as I always study everyone's convenience. I'll give you a little advice. If you don't bridle your tongue a little when you address your superiors—

Yus. Superiors!

Ami. [*Aside to YUSSEF.*] Be cautious.

Yus. It is needless to mock and taunt. I tell thee, proud Chief, that Mohammed has sworn, by every oath in Islam, to have thy head.

Col. Has he? Eugene give me my snuff box.

[*EUGENE gets it from table R.*]

Yus. Ay, has he—and he'll keep his word—for from the deserts he will bring against you as many horsemen and spears as there are drops in a shower of rain.

Col. Well, just tell him his shower will have to make its way through a pretty thick forest of these little playthings.

[*Holding out Sergeant's bayonets.*]

Yus. Nevertheless, as thou valuest thy head, remember the words of Yussef.

Col. I certainly will—for I do value my head, which, though not very ornamental perhaps, is highly indispensable.

Enter 2d SERGEANT through opening L.

2d. Ser. [*Saluting.*] A letter, sir marked "immediate and important." The officer waits.

Col. Ah, ha! What's in the wind now—let me see. [*Reads.*] Whew! Well, upon my soul—why Eugene, there's [*Seeing YUSSEF.*] Eh! Oh, to be sure: friend Yussef, if you have nothing more important, or more pleasant to say to me, why—

Yus. The words I have uttered suffice. Truth, with the Arab, is soon spoken. It is his habit.

Col. No doubt—very well, then. I have particular business with this gentlemen, and as I always study every one's convenience, perhaps you'll be good enough to depart.

Ami. Such is Turkish hospitality.

Bel. You are an impudent cub.

Yus. How now.

[*Half draws a dagger.*]

Ami. [*Restraining him.*] Have a care.

[*Aside.*]

Col. Nay, Belmont you are too hasty.

Lor. Come, gentlemen let us go the sentry rounds, it is time.

[*Officers rise and buckle on their swords.*]

Col. You will report to me here in an hour. *Au revoir*, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt BELMONT, LORIELLE, and MORTIER, L. opening.*]

Tell the officer my answers will be ready in half an hour. In the mean time see to him and his escort. [*Exit 2d SERGEANT through opening*]

Ami. [*Advancing to COL.*] When the Frankish chieftain knows our people better, he will see that respect for our elders is a lesson taught even in very infancy. I had forgotten this. We are too proud to fear confession of a fault. I ask your forgiveness.

Col. Not a bit of it, my fine fellow: I was abrupt, and perhaps deserved the rebuke. Give me your hand.

Eug. What sir, to a savage?

Col. To any man, sir, who has the courage to judge and condemn himself.

Yus. Chief—before we depart, let me counsel caution in the fight.

Avoid the Emir Mohammed. He never yet failed in redemption of his word to friend or foe.

Col. Then I shall have particular pleasure in seeking for his highness in the very first melee.

Yus. Enough, you are warned—Allah will decide.

[*Exit.*—*COLONEL* sits at table R. to write.

Eug. [To *AMINEH*.] Youth, if I have offended you—

Ami. Peace, and mark my words. Have you forgotten being surprised, one night, beyond your outposts, by a party of Arabs?

Eug. By the Lord, no—nor ever shall. That was the narrowest escape I ever had.

Ami. A maiden interfered, and saved you.

Eug. True. She was my guardian-angel, both in fact and look—for a lovelier face I never—

Ami. Enough. I bear a message from her. If misfortune befall you—should you be ever a captive in the hands of our people, demand to see Amineh, the sister of the Emir. It will avail you much.

Eug. Should such mischance overtake me, I will be sure to profit by your message.

Ami. You promise this? Enough; I must rejoin the merchant. Will you now refuse your hand?

Eug. Take it; I am ashamed that I should ever have dreamed of withholding it. [*Looking at AMINEH'S hand.*] And is this the hand that may one day grasp a saber against the French soldier? Are these the fingers—

Ami. Hark, I am called; release me. Remember your promise, and farewell.

[*Exit, through opening, L.*

Col. Sergeant, deliver this, [*gives a letter.*] and see those natives beyond the outposts.

[*Exit 1st SERGEANT, L. opening.*

Eug. [*Looking after AMINEH.*] Strange! That small, soft hand—those lustrous eyes—I half suspect—

Col. Here, Eugene; what the devil are you pondering on? Egad! If you want matter for thought, I'll give you enough of it. Come here, and listen, This letter I have just received from my old friend, Montmar, who commands at Santæ. I've only read the first part as yet, but that's important enough. [*Reads,*] "My dear Delmar! The three wandering tribes that are giving us so much trouble just now, are believed to be secretly in treaty for aid and encouragement from the Sultan of Myra. You and I are each to dispatch an officer to treat, as from our Emperor, with the Sultan relative to our offensive and defensive alliance with France. To be sure, he can't help us much, but his neutrality is of importance, and General Randon would give much to secure it. We have also received intelligence that an English steamer, on her way to Alexandria, has been wrecked, and some of the survivors made prisoners by the Sultan's people. Their release must be obtained as part of the conditions of the treaty. In conclusion, let me recommend to your notice the officer who brings this dispatch. He is my emissary to the Sultan; he is also the hero of that dashing cavalry affair of the 10th. Receive him cordially, and provide for him a pleasant, as well as prudent companion. Your old friend, Auguste Montmar."

[*Rings bell on table.*

Enter 1st SERGEANT, through opening, L.

Show in the officer who brought me this dispatch. [*Exit SERGEANT.*] I shall be delighted to see this young chasseur. That affair of the 10th would have done credit to a veteran, and this gentleman has been but a year in the service, as I learn.

Enter LEON, L.

Ah ha! My dear sir, forgive me for not seeing you at once; that confounded Sergeant said—Curse me if it isn't my son!

Eug. Leon!

Leon. My dear, dear father!

Col. [Holding him off.] Don't come near me, you scoundrel! [Shaking one hand affectionately.] How dare you, sir, quit France without my permission? I'll never forgive you! [Gradually getting hold of his other hand.] You disobedient, impudent vagabond! to obtain promotion before you'd been a year in the service! To—to— [His hand falls on the cross of the Legion which LEON wears.] Damn me, sir! I disown you! [Taking him in his arms.] And now—[after a pause] let me look at you!

Leon. No, don't; go on disowning me, sir.

Col. Here, Eugene! Look at him—just look at him! Did you ever see such a conscious-guilty-looking-ugly ruffian? That's the sort of wretched object a boy becomes when he deceives his father. Take warning by him. So, sir, you've taken the lock off again?

Leon. I must explain.

Col. No, you needn't. I see all about it. We left you alone. You would be a soldier after all; you applied to Montmar who, by the by, always spoiled you when you were a child; he put you into the Chasseurs, and the rest followed, of course; you were my son. Can't help it—must crow a little. But, I say, who sent those letters you wrote me from France, whilst you were in Africa?

Leon. Old Gaspar, the Steward, imitates my handwriting uncommonly well, sir.

Col. My Steward, too! I'm a poor, wretched, deceived, broken-hearted old man. But, come, I must have the Cavalry charge of the 10th. Tell me all about it.

Leon. Alas! my dear father, we only meet to part almost immediately—my duty calls me forward without delay—my companion is to follow when you have selected him—but my orders were not to wait a moment on the road except when absolutely necessary.

Col. Why have you not seen me before, in all this time?

Leon. I determined not to show myself until I had achieved something worthy of your pardon.

Col. Who the devil said I pardoned you, sir? However, go, perform your duty, and when you return, I'll procure you leave of absence from Mortmar, then you can be with me, then I can hear all about the 10th. Stop! I've a dispatch for you to take.

[Goes to table and writes.]

Leon. Eugene, my boy, how glad I am to take you by the hand again. Have you heard from Blanche?

Col. Eh! what?

Leon. My Arab mare, Blanche, is the best in Algiers, I do believe.

Col. Ah, I dare say, call her Blanche, eh? humph! Well, no harm, though my intentions on that subject are—but no matter, she's in India with Mrs. MacShake, by this time, and—

Leon. Pardon me, sir, but time—

Col. True, true—there, give that to the officer commanding the advanced post on the borders of Myra. Farewell, my boy—my son. If any harm come to you, I—I—hem. If you get into any mischief, sir, don't dare to show your face here again. Your companion—

Eug. His companion, sir, is ready to start on the instant, providing you will give your permission that I should be selected.

Col. Good! the very man I would have chosen.

Eug. A thousand thanks, dear sir; I go at once to make my preparations. In fifteen minutes, Leon, I shall be ready.

[Exit EUGENE through opening L.]

Col. Just time enough for me to hear all about the affair of the 10th. [Distant music.] There's the band playing on the parade ground. Sit down, my boy; sergeant, a bottle of wine and glasses—now for it.

[As SERGEANT brings on wine, they sit down together—Scene closes in.]

SCENE II.—Part of a ruined Mosque on the outskirts of the French post bordering on the Desert—Distant music continues as YUSSEF enters L. 1 E.

Yus. What can keep the girl? Stays she to listen to the music of the Gaiour? Does her heart throb at strains to which he has marched in triumph over the bodies of her slaughtered kindred? Aye—play on—let the native melodies of the Frank float over the desert, which, if Allah permits, shall soon bear upon its scorching breeze a sound far sweeter and more musical to Mohammed's ear, the death groan of the oppressors!

Enter OGLOU, R.

Who goes there?

Oglou. Oglou!

Yus. Oglou? Good! Is all prepared?

Oglou. All. Where is the maiden?

Yus. She will be here on the instant. But remember, no violence.

[Six ARABS appears R. 1 E.,—music pizzicato.]

Oglou. Fear not, noble Emir. Is she not your sister? The promised bride of their own Chief?

Yus. Remember the signal. If I wave my shawl, you bear her away. If not, and you see us depart together, then they may back to their Chief, and say that she consents. Where are his men?

Oglou. Behold them!

[Music ceases.]

Yus. Should she give the alarm?

Oglou. She will not. A veil thrown over her will prevent any cry until we are beyond hearing.

Yus. A footstep! away! [ARABS vanish R.] This wayward passion

for the Frank is but a passing cloud. The full sunlight of her happiness as the brave Omar's bride, will be the brighter for it.

Enter AMINEH. L Music ceases.

Ami. And so 'tis over. I shall see him no more; he will never know how deeply—how truly the Arab girl can love! Since I have seen him—spoken with him—a dread—almost a loathing of my desert life has fallen upon me. My very countrymen seem changed.

Yus. Aye, Amineh, is it so?

Ami. My brother!

Yus. Hear me. 'Tis now some months since this mad passion mastered your better reason. I have not dealt sternly with you, for with the noble candor born in the daughters of the desert, you made a frank and free confession of the truth. But be warned! Even my patience and affection may at last be exhausted.

Ami. My brother—why do you reproach me? Have I belied my given word? I told you freely that I loved the Frankish soldier—and told you, too, that if you would grant me to see him once again—never from that time would I seek to behold him. You consented—Amineh will not betray your trust.

Yus. So far it is well, but you know this is not all. You know that of all the Chiefs who roam and reign in the Deserts, one of the most illustrious in descent, and power equal even with myself—is Omar Kahn.

Ami. Again?

Yus. Aye, again, and wherefore not? Young, handsome, brave as the Lion of his native plains—a Chief who heads five hundred horsemen—could the most haughty and exacting of our maidens desire more? Yet thou forsooth—

Ami. Brother, your commands have swayed my will, shall do so always, but they can never control my heart! Be satisfied—you are obeyed. Let it suffice.

Yus. And you reject—refuse my friend? Amineh.

Ami. My own dear brother! Do not. Oh, in pity, do not try me thus. Since my childhood, when our father died, have I not given you all a sister's love with the obedience of a daughter? In deference to the lessons of truth and candor which you early planted in my heart and memory—I told you all. It was something more than the sister's duty to the brother—it was the maiden's confidence in the truth and gallantry of the man. I implore—I conjure you. See, dearest, your poor Amineh kneels to you—to let this question die between us. Enough, my heart's great hope is crushed—let not more misery be added.

Yus. Misery! Foolish girl! Do you not know that the doom of every Frenchman at this post, is as irrevocably sealed as if Azrael overshadowed them with his deadly wings! To what, think you, have tended all my vists to this place—my disguises? Thanks to the Prophet who gave me ears to hear, and eyes so see, there is not a soldier in their ranks, or a bullet in their pouches, but I know their number, and by the holy Kaaba, they shall soon feel the dread results of my knowledge. Be happy, girl, that your fate is severed

from theirs. Belie not thy name and race—act even according to thy words spoken but now to their Chiefs. Seek not destruction of soul and body!

Ami. I have but one reply—I love!

Yus. I'll hear no more. Leave me, and await my coming yonder. I see a friend with whom I must have some converse, when that is done I will rejoin you. [*He waves his scarf or shawl.*] Away!

Ami. I will await you beneath yonder arch.

Music of band at distance—AMINEH goes to YUSSEF, he embraces her—exit AMINEH, R. 1 E.

Yus. [*Looking after her.*] For the best? Yes—yes—it is—it shall be for the best. From his very boyhood I have known Omar Kahn—and there is no quality we of the races of Islam venerate that he does not possess. With him she must be happy—and were it otherwise—did he abuse my trust, by Allah my arm should reach him even though—she approaches the arch. Poor child, I had almost feared—if the fright should kill her—I'll call :—too late—too late—like tigers they crouch awaiting the unconscious girl! They creep towards her—seize her—the veil is round her form—no struggle—not a movement :—Great prophet: have I done aright in this? No moment now for boyish indecision—she is gone: let mind, heart, soul concentrate upon one only thought: destruction to the Frank—death to to the Christian foe!

[*Exit, L. Music—forte.*]

SCENE III.—*Handsome Apartment in the Palace of HASN-AL-DAHR—MUSTAPHA, HASSAN and several of the native populace discovered L. talking noisily. Enter OGLOU, (Chief Eunuch.)*

Oglou. Now, what seek ye in the hall of justice?

Mus. Most noble sir, we seek audience and judgment of his highness, the Grand Vizier.

Oglou. Do you not know, ye owls, that the noble Off-an-agan, Grand Vizier and Chief Adviser of our lord the Sultan, has hardly finished the morning prayers: do you forget that though once a Christian and Kaffir from a savage island in the western world, he is now by the grace of the Prophet the truest believer in the Islam, and cannot be hurried from his devotions for such scrapings of the earth as thou.

Has. Noble sir—We are too happy to await the pleasure of the great Off-an-agan. My case, in particular, is a hard one. Mustapha Moulrad, here had sold me—

Mus. No, not sold.

Has. Yes—Yes—yes—I say—

Mus. No—no—

Uproar of natives, during which OGLOU shouts, "The GRAND VIZIER:" all cease, and two attendants enter preceding, carrying carpets and cushion, and two following OFF-AN-AGAN, U. E. R.

Off-an-agan. How now, you scum and outpourings of the filth of the world? Know ye where ye are? Dare you exercise your unhal

lowed throats on the threshold of the favored palace, which the most mighty of earth's kings condescends to honor by dwelling in it? Whose dogs are you, to—to even to *breathe* within these sacred precincts? [MUSTAPHA *whispers* OGLOU.] What says the slave?—hah!

Oglou. Mighty sir, he says he would humbly urge that without breath there cannot be life!

Ofl. Humph! then let him not breathe *above* his breath; and now proceed. I have but little time to waste upon ye. Between whom is the first question?

Oglou. So please you, between these two men.

Ofl. Good; let all the rest be cleared out of the palace.

Has. But, great sir, there are among them who are witnesses, and know—

Ofl. What? Is our word disputed? By the bones of the holy Derivish Saint Patrick, we will have obedience. If ye object to this, get ye back to your dens. For what saith the sage? “In the deliberations of the few lieth wisdom; but in the clamor of the many is nought but shindy.”

Mus. [To OGLOU.] What does he mean by “shindy!”

Oglou. Away, father of fools! Is it for such as thou to question the terms of the wisest and most learned man, and the strictest Mussulman in Myra?

[All the citizens, except MUSTAPHA and HASSAN, *exit*, L. H.]

Ofl. My tablets! [ATTENDANT *hands them on salver with a salaam.*] If I only knew how to write, it would be a great advantage; but these ignorant ragamuffins won't know the difference, so I'll go through the motions. Now, who makes the complaint?

Has. [Crosses, c.] Great Vizier, it is I, even I, Hassan Nouredin, a poor dealer in figs.

Ofl. Umph! A dealer in—

[Writes.]

Has. And, moreover—

Ofl. Silence! [Writes.] Poor figs—well?

Has. And, moreover, the same who honors himself by sending weekly to the palace of your mightiness, ten pounds of that delicious fruit as an humble offering—

Ofl. Ah ha! Now I remember that Hassan Nouredin is noted in the city for his fair and honest dealings. [To MUSTAPHA.] And thou, thou son of an unclean father, what hast thou to advance against so worthy a creature? Beware, for, as the good book hath it. “The fair-dealing man shall carry his head exalted, but his traducer shall bow down his with shame; yea, and it shall be blackened with many punches.”

Oglou. Bismillah.

Ofl. Son of Ham, silence! let the hand of prudence be applied to the jaw of darkness and hold it. Proceed. [To HASSAN.]

Has. Know then, oh, mirror of wisdom, that this man, Mustapha Moulrad, did agree for the sum of twenty golden pieces to sell me a cow.

Ofl. Stop! [Writes.] “Cow,” go on.

Has. Ten of the twenty to be paid on delivery of the animal, the other ten in two moons from that date. He now refuses to deliver

me the cow—for that I do not at once disburse the whole sum of twenty.

Ofl. And now, thou guilty looking wretch, what hast thou to answer to this most serious charge? hah!

Mus. [*Crosses c.*] Most worthy and impartial judge, Great Vizier, I trust *my* word may be regarded in some measure as that of a true man; nor are my dealings all unknown in Myra—a weekly offer of coffee, it is my great good fortune that you are always pleased to accept and—

Ofl. Stay! what did you say your name was?

Mus. Mustapha Moulrad—may it be fortunate in your august ear.

Ofl. Mustapha, why truly, to be sure, I remember—a man of strict and honorable dealing. How much coffee, friend, do I receive.

Mus. Some twenty pounds, an humble offering to—

Ofl. [*Writes.*] Twenty pounds. And you deny that you promised credit to this man?

Mus. I do.

Ofl. Have a care, friend Hassan. Thy case looks shadowy, I promise thee. Did'st thou crave this cow?

Has. I did much desire her, Great Vizier.

Ofl. And thou, Mustapha, did'st thou desire to sell her?

Mus. No; nor would I have agreed save upon great persuasion.

Ofl. Is the cow a dry cow?

Mus. A creature rich in milk.

Ofl. Now listen with the ears of your hearts, open the blind eyes of your seven senses and see how the finger of wisdom will pinch only the small grains of wheat in this murdherin' bushel of straw; is it likely, oh Hassan! that craving for the cow thou would'st have bargained for delay of payment, or that Mustapha, who parted with her unwillingly, would do so at all but for monies presently forthcoming? Nay, friend, the chances are against thee even as twenty unto ten—and so you see how the mighty and incorruptible truth like unto a turkey pullet on a hen's egg, will break through the shell of circumstance and with the sword of fortune, in his mouth, fly like an unfledged eagle to the protection of the innocent.

Has. But, generous Vizier, there was a question as to due allowance of rich dates, of which I have the finest in the market, as shall be proved to thee when thou shall taste some fifty pounds of them which presently I shall lay at your honored feet.

Ofl. The matter grows intricate. Where is the cow in question?

Oglou. By mutual consent of these men, she awaits in your own stables, the award of the *most just*.

Ofl. It is a case of curious complicity, and must not be treated lightly. I will consider it maturely, and in two years I will give my decision. Till then, the cow had better remain where she is. The case will stand postponed.

Has. and Mus. But my lord—great Vizier?

Ofl. What, do you grumble? Unthankful curs! Away! lest the howl of ingratitude should uplift the boot of vengeance, and I have ye sent sent forth into the street with many kicks! [*Exeunt HASSAN and MUSTAPHA, L., with many salaams.* Thou seest, oh! Oglou! the cares

that hang on greatness. Thus must the ministerial mind be agitated and time wasted for a miserable cow!

Oglou. So please your highness, there are others without waiting to be heard.

Ogl. I'll hear no more to-day, my brain has borne enough. Disperse the scum! [*Exit OGLOU, L.*] I never felt so weary when I was a little man in Ireland, as I do now I am a great man in Africa. I remember once reading that some Englishman observed that "a little learning was a dangerous thing." Faith! if he'd been in my case, he'd have found that a little learning in the way of gunpowder and the use of artillery was a mighty fine thing—for didn't it change a poor half-starved shipwrecked divil into the Grand Vizier of Myra! Still, in spite of that same, I sometimes do long for the green fields and pure whiskey of my native land. "There's no place like home" as the divil said when he got into the Court of Law!

Enter OGLOU, L.

What now?

Oglou. Two chieftans with a message from the Commander of the Feringhees, desire your Highness's good audience of the Light of the World, our Lord, the Sultan.

Ogl. [*Aside.*] What's in the wind now, I wonder? [*Aloud.*] Admit them; I will myself proceed and find out if the corner-stone of enlightenment, and grand monarch of all the kingdoms will be pleased to shed upon these unbelievers, the benign ray of his refulgent countenance! [*Exit OGLOU, L.*] In other words, I will see if the lazy ould Billy-goat will take the trouble to walk this way.

[*Exit OGL-AN-AGAN, U. E. R.*]

Music—Enter OGLOU, with LEON and EUGENE.

Oglou. You will here await the coming of Keystone of wisdom, his highness the Grand Vizier, who will himself inform you if it is the pleasure of the supreme dispenser of joy to the Moslem, his majesty the Sultan, to see and hold converse with the benighted Kaffir.

Leon. Eugene, you are more skilled in politics than I; would it be diplomatic to hit this black fellow a thump on the head, just to teach him manners?

Eugene. My dear Leon, we cannot use too much caution here, you must be on your guard.

[*Exit OGLOU.*]

Leon. Caution; well, that's good from you, who could not come this short journey, but you must play the Knight-errant, dash sword in hand among half-a-dozen of these African gentry—rescue a young boy, whose position could be no possible affair of yours, (and who afterwards turned out to be a girl,) thus attacking the Arab upon his most tender point, and—

Eug. And pray, could I have rescued her without assistance?

Leon. Oh, my worthy father insisted upon my following your advice and example in all things, and really it was good fun to see those fellows scour off.

Eug. They evidently thought us the advanced guard of a squadron of Chasseurs, or we might not have found our task so easy.

Leon. But what's become of the girl?

Eug. She left me at the gates of the city to seek her brother, who, she says is an Emir of rank.

Leon. By the lord, here comes somebody of importance. Now, Eugene, let's stand upon our good behavior.

Enter OFL-AN-AGAN, U. E. R. attended.

Ofl. Chieftains from the Camp of the Feringhee commanded—I am deputed by his majesty the Sultan, supreme lord of all the earth and controller of the seas, to say that he permits you to bask in the life-giving warmth of his royal presence; prepare thyselfes oh, strangers. He is here even now. *Music.*

Enter the SULTAN of Myra, numerously attended in great state. He seats himself on Nusmud. All prostrate themselves save LEON and EUGENE who merely bow. (YUSSEF also,) in his dress as the Emir MOHAMMED enters, and stands L. of the throne OGLOU enters.

Sul. Arise O, Viziers, and the rest. What unsainted dogs are these whose knees bend not in our presence?

Leon. [*Aside to EUGENE*] That's polite!

Ofl. [*To LEON.*] Be quiet. Great Lord of the world, they are poor benighted Kaffirs who are unlearned in the customs of the most cultivated Court in the East.

Sul. Do they know at least that our throne is not approached until their unhallowed feet are divested of shoes?

Ofl. So please your Majesty, the poor unbeliever's can't obey—because their shoes are boots.

Sul. Well, let it pass. What are these Kaffirs?

Ofl. So please your Greatness, they are Christians from—

Sul. May the Prophet deliver us from the Devil! What would they with us?

Eug. We are the bearers of a missive to your Majesty, from our Lord the august Emperor of the French.

Sul. Who holds his Crown by our permission. We remember.

Leon. Ha! ha!

Sul. Who laughed? By Allah!

Ofl. No one, Light of the Universe, no one. This poor Kaffir is struggling with whooping-cough—a disease unknown to those whose health must thrive under the shadow of your Majesty's protecting sceptre.

Sul. Well, proceed. Let me see the missive. [*An ATTENDANT receives the dispatch on a velvet cushion, and hands it to MOHAMMED, who, kneeling, presents it to the SULTAN.*] Enough. Read, O Emir! What is its purport?

Mohammed. (*Yussef.*) Great Sultan, the Feringhee chief desires alliance and friendship with you against those very tribes who, next to your own faithful soldiers, are the chief defenders of your throne.

Sul. Is that the purport of the missive?

Moh. That is its sole intention.

Sul. Good. We will consider it in proper time.

Eug. May it please your majesty, we are charged with some words

regarding certain prisoners, now in your possession, said to be Europeans.

Sul. [*Aside to MOHAMMED.*] Ah! can they know—

Moh. A mere suspicion.

[*They converse.*]

Leon. What the devil are they whispering about?

Eug. Hush!

Ost. His majesty consults with the great Emir Mohammed, who, next to myself, is his chief adviser. [*Aside.*] The coffee-colored om-adawn!

Eug. And is that the celebrated Emir Mohammed? Why, by the Lord, it can't be—and yet—

Leon. What's the matter?

Eug. Nothing; I'll tell you by and by.

Sul. A word with thee, O Vizier. [*OFL-AN-AGAN goes to SULTAN.*]

Moh. [*To OGLOU.*] Those two Christian women who were saved from the wreck of the English steamer—what of them?

Oglou. They were on their way to India from France.

Moh. Perchance they may be known to these chieftains.

Oglou. Is it possible, great Emir.

Moh. Away, and see that they be kept closely imprisoned in the Seraglio until these men depart. His majesty means strictly to deny that he has such prisoners! Stay! you saw Amineh carried off?

Oglou. I did; and watched the men who captured her till they became specks in the desert.

Moh. Enough! look to the others.

Oglou. I'm going.

[*Exit L.*]

Leon. Look at these fellows, Eugene, whispering and plotting—inventing some fables to amuse us, I'll warrant.

Eug. Don't judge them too hastily. That Vizier seems inclined to be friendly towards us. Besides they can have no motive for deceiving us on such a point.

Sul. We have consulted with our principal advisers, O Chief of the Feringhees, and, by their information, we find that you have been deceived. We have no European prisoners now within our walls.

Eug. Yet we can assure your majesty, our information was most precise.

Ost. Oh, most wretched and cloud-enveloped barbarians! Do you not know that truth ever falls from the lips like the sweet drops that revive the sun-dried earth, but that falsehood blisters the tongue that utters it even like unto whiskey that has been tried by proof and found wanting! Deth not the profound sage, Doctor O'Toole, say, in the original Sanscrit—*Go bragh ga smuagirth padrouskeen, gothether slowtha gra galmachree*, which, being interpreted, means, it's prudent sometimes to hold a candle to the devil, and a nod's as good as a wink to a couple of blind horses.

Eug. Enough. We would not insult his majesty by doubting his princely word, even in thought.

Re-enter OGLOU L.

Oglou. My Lord! my Lord!

Moh. Oglou—speak—what has happened?

Oglou. She has escaped.

Moh. One of the prisoners?

Oglou. Worse, your sister!

Moh. Have her seized and taken to my palace! Quick! Begone! • [Exit OGLOU, L. 1 E.]

Sul. Thou hast said well, O Christian! A monarch's word should be like the Prophet's, once pronounced, immutable! [AMINEH enters,] and if the Sultan tells thee he has no prisoners—

Ami. He would speak falsely!

[General sensation.]

Eug. [To LEON.] By heavens! 'tis she!

Mah. Amineh dearest! thou—

Ami. My brother! The Arab does not lie!

Tableau.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A room in the Palace—LEON and EUGENE discovered

Eug. And now, my dear fellow, you know the whole truth.

Leon. Yes. *I* know it, but what will Blanche say when *she* knows it?

Eug. Believe me, we hardly knew our own minds. An attachment, such as it was, grew more from the habit of our being so much together, than any other cause—mixed, perhaps, with a little of that perverseness indigenous to humanity, when we find our wills and our persons disposed of without our own consent.

Leon. Yes, yes, my friend, that's *your* side of the argument.

Eug. Aye, and hers, too; believe me, were it otherwise, spite of my devoted love for this Arab girl, my honor would compel the fulfilment of my vows to Blanche.

Leon. Of that, I am well assured, or I do not know my friend as I had thought. But of the fact, we'll be soon convinced, if, as I conjecture, these lady prisoners should turn out to be Mrs. MacShake and our little Blanche.

Eug. Our little Blanche—why don't you say *your* little Blanche—which would end the whole difficulty—for I will not conceal from you, Leon, that I have long known your secret attachment to her.

Leon. My what?

Eug. Your attachment to her, which you concealed from friendship for me.

Leon. Did I though?

Eug. Ah, Leon, Leon! I see deeper into the well of my friend's desires, than he does himself.

Leon. Yes—you proved that when you undertook to explain my father's.

Eug. No matter. I told you right at any rate—I told you you were formed for a soldier, and I've turned out a prophet *there*, you'll admit. So now do I tell you you always loved Blanche.

Leon. How amiable of you to take her from me, then?

Eug. I was under a delusion—you must pardon it, dear Leon. But I remember things *now* that *then* I hardly noticed.

Leon. So it appears.

Eug. Yes; for instance, when you found us alone together, you would flush, and then turn pale.

Leon. Oh, come, I say.

Eug. You did, you did; and she, I could well see, was indulging in some silent grief—

Leon. Was she?

Eug. There was a secret worm gnawing at her breast.

Leon. No, you don't say so!

Eug. It puzzled me at the time, but *now* it all comes out.

Leon. The worm?

Eug. No, the truth; I must have been blind.

Leon. But you can see now?

Eug. Yes, indeed I can. How is it, I wonder?

Leon. Don't know, I'm sure—living in the desert, I suppose—sand is so good for the eyes.

Eug. A truce to badinage. Will you promise to ascertain the truth when you see her?

Leon. Certainly, if I *do* see her, but it strikes me that may not be so easy. If it had not occurred to the Vizier to be answerable for our good conduct with his own head, I don't think we should be quite so free in our actions; though confound 'em, they've taken our swords and, without mine, I feel as if a third arm were lopped off.

Music—OFL-AN-AGAN appears at the window R. of flat.

Eug. Hush! what noise is that? [*OFL-AN-AGAN blows out light.*]

Leon. Pardie! the light's out.

OFL-AN-AGAN climbs into the window, muffled in a dark cloak.

Eug. And we unarmed!

Leon. We are going to be quietly assassinated! Who goes there?

Ofl. Hush! be quiet. [*Takes off cloak, then hangs it up before window.*]
There, now we'll have a light. [*Strikes a light and relights lamp.*]

Eug. The Vizier!

Ofl. That same unworthy servant of the Prophet, and prime minister of Myra.

Leon. Is it the custom in this part of the world for prime ministers to walk in at the windows?

Ofl. Juvenile Kaffir, be silent until you hear and comprehend, for hath not the sage written, "Words to the patient hearer shall fructify and bear instruction, and he is wise to listen, but he who interrupteth the expounder, remaineth barren of knowledge, and maketh of himself a Judy."

Eug. Your lordship may speak. We await your words.

Ofl. Do you comprehend now why I screened the window?

Eug. I protest, not.

Ofl. [*Sits between them.*] Do you comprehend now why I screened the window?

Leon. Upon my soul, I don't.

Ofl. [*Producing bottle.*] Do you comprehend now why I screened the window?

Eug. I believe I do.

Leon. And I comprehend why you came in at the window.

Ofl. It would not have been well for the fellows who loiter about the palace to observe my visits; and up to the window is asy climbing. Be happy, O Christian chiefs, for my presence shall be unto you refreshing, even as the sweet waters of the oasis.

Leon. Is this sweet water?

Ofl. No; but it's strong whiskey. I gave a hundred piasters for some cases that were taken from the stranded steamer, on board of which these lady prisoners were found. So let us drink, for it is wicked to waste the good things of the earth whilst the Prophet permits us to enjoy them.

Eug. Now, if we had but glasses—

[*OFL-AN-AGAN goes to recess, L. U. E.*]

Ofl. Here they are—ah ha! [*Apostrophizing glass.*] You white, mealy-looking thief, you've never held anything but water. If you can sparkle any brighter, now's your time, for I'm going to present you to something with more life in it than ever you contained before. [*Fills glasses.*] Gentlemen, here's to you.

Eug. Thanks, my good friend, for so I must call you. But tell me of Amineh.

Ofl. What, has the daughter of the desert touched the proud heart of the Frank—or, to speak poetically, have ye a sneaking kindness in that quarter? Well, then, listen. How d'ye think I got her out of the scrape?

Eug. Tell us, good Vizier, tell us quickly.

Ofl. Know ye not, O chief, that when Allah clothes the mind of woman or of man in darkness, the Arab looks upon the victim with reverence, even as on one reserved for some special revelation of his power?

Leon. I don't exactly see—

Ofl. Well, then, I'll be practical again. When any one's crazy in these parts, they can do whatever devilment they like and nobody interferes with them.

Eug. Yes—well—

Ofl. Well, just as the ould alligator—

Leon. Who?

Ofl. Just as our Lord the Sultan was about to order her to be

strangled, I found out that she was even as one chosen by Allah—or to be still more practical—I swore she was as mad as be d—d.

Eug. And that saved her?

Off. Saved her; be the sowl of the Sultan Brian Boroihme it did more, for they all tumbled down on their faces, and the ould Sultan went to prayers—so now she is free to come or to go where she likes. [*To LEON.*] And now, my young friend, I must crave permission for a few words with you *alone*.

[*OFL-AN-AGAN gets gradually a little inflated with drink*

Leon. With me?

Off. Aye, truly—I have words for thine ear, that shall sound even as the harps of the blessed Houris; but they must be spoken to you only. The other don't take the hint. [*To EUGENE.*] Can you write Arabic.

Eug. Fortunately—yes—

Off. Go and write then—and I'll bear the letter, you understand?

Eug. You are our guardian Geni. [*Exit R. 1 E.*

Off. What guardian Janius? Faith, I never was a janius, tho' pretty smart for a boy without education—and now, O, Frank, listen, and let my words sink into the sub-soil of thy heart, and there take speedy root. There is in the palace, a lady of great beauty, and most determined will—her name is Gulnare.

Leon. Well—

Off. She saw you from a window of the Seraglio, and with that electric quickness which none but Orientals comprehend, she conceived for you a violent passion.

Leon. Extraordinary—

Off. You may say that for *I* was standing beside you.

Leon. You were?

Off. Yes—so much for taste—however, that's *her* business—poor creature, she has commissioned me to promise you an interview in her Zenana to-night, now I accepted in your name because—

Leon. No—but—I—

Off. Silence, rash boy! Be asy, stupid! Do you not see that your friend and self are looked on here more as prisoners than ambassadors?

Leon. It certainly has struck us forcibly.

Off. Yes, and something else will strike you forcibly, if you don't listen to my advice; go keep the appointment—affect to return her passion—use her influence to obtain your own escape and that of these lady prisoners who are under her care. Enough—I have said!

Leon. Best of fellows! But why all this interest in your kind heart for mere strangers?

Off. Don't ask impertinent questions, you'll know all in good time. Take this key—open the door at the end of yonder corridor—you'll there see another door—press on the top panel—and there you are. No more thanks—don't lose moments that may be precious.

Leon. Two words to my friend, and I am gone. [*Exit R. 1 E.*

Off. [*Who has been drinking at intervals during the scene.*] I begin to experience the profound calm of a mind conscious of its own

rectitude; the very air is becoming musical. [*Drinks*] And there's something ringing in my ears—tunes that I havn't heard since I was a boy. Ah! here's the person that held the liquid enchanter. I've let him out and while my mouth was unconsciously open, he slipped into my brows where he's amusing himself painting beautiful pictures on golden slates, and making my eye right drunk with visions of home; my memory moves about in a sea of happy thoughts, and the very head inside of me fairly jumps like a hungry salmon after summer flies, and now with the last drop in the bottle, I drink bitter bad luck to the durty pup who does'nt love the kennel he was kitten-ed in, even though he was a marmaid and drew his fust breath on the ground floor of the bottomless ocean. Hurrah! Ould Ireland! it's you that's my darlin early or late, now and forever, in secula seculorum.

SONG :—OFL-AN-AGAN.

Ould Ireland you're my Darlin'.

Ould Ireland you're
My jewel shure,
My heart's delight and glory,
Till time shall pass
His empty glass,
Your name shall live in story.
And this shall be
The song for me
The first my heart was larnin'.
Before my tongue
One accent sung—
Ould Ireland you're my darlin'.

My blessin's on
Each manly son
Of thine who will stand by thee,
But hang the knave
And dastard slave
So base as to deny thee.
Then bowld and free
While yet for me
The globe is ronnd us whirlin',
My song shall be
Gra galmachree
Ould Ireland you're my darlin'

Sweet spot of earth
That gave me birth,
Deep in my soul I cherish,
While life remains
Within these veins,
A love that ne'er can perish.

If it was a thing
That I could sing
Like any thrush or starlin,'
In cage or tree,
My song should be
Ould Ireland you're my darlin.'

[*Knocking.*] Come in! [*Very gently.*] If ould Bulble and Squeak should send for me now—[*Knocking.*] Come in! [*As before.*] I say if he should send—[*Knocking.*] Stay out! [*Aloud.*] Where's the bottle? By the Lord if they—eh! Oh! here it is. [*Hides it.*] I'm getting sleepy. [*Knock.*] Stay out! Come in!

Enter MOHAMMED, L. 2 E.

Moh. My Lord, the Vizier—

Off. Why the devil did you stand there knocking—why didn't you stay out when I said come in. I mean why didn't you come in when I said—so—why—well, sir, I pause for a reply.

Moh. I have but a few moments for words—give ear, for those words are important.

Enter AMINEH, L. 2 E.—Seeing MOHAMMED, she conceals herself behind curtains.

Off. I should hope they were. No man in Myra would presume to waste my time by uttering words that are *not* important.

[*Sleepily.*

Moh. Know then, O Vizier, that the Sultan has sent a message of friendship to the chief, Delmar. This message is to invite him here to Myra, to confer with him touching the mission of these younger chieftans, one of whom is his son. Do you listen?

Off. With all my eyes—ears, I mean. The French Chief's got a son—I congratulate him.

[*Sleeps.*

Moh. The old man is even at this moment on his journey hither. He comes blindly into the very jaws of death! you do not heed—

Off. Yes, I do—I say. I congratulate him.

[*Sleeps.*

Moh. The tortures of Jehanum are in store for them. For our Lord, the Sultan, whose judgment is supreme, and whose will is unchangeable, has decreed that the three Christians shall be strangled, and their bodies hung from the battlements of the outer wall. [*OFF-AN-AGAN snores.*] What say you?

Off. I say the cow shall stay where she is.

Moh. Madman or fool! I'll hold no further converse with thee—thou art possessed of the Evil One, and will lose a sight more pleasing to the true believer, even than the green standard of the Prophet—the sacrifice of the Prophet's foe

[*Exit L. 2 E.*

Ami. He's gone! now to awaken the Vizier. But how? oh, heart be strong—limbs fail me not, for life and love are on thy speed and firmness. My lord, my lord, there's danger.

Off. What, eh! who calls?.

Ami. 'Tis I, Amineh, the Emir's sister: listen, if you value the lives of those you would befriend—if you prize your own happiness.

Ofi. Lives, friends, eh?

Ami. Those chiefs—those Christians.

Ofi. Um! eh! Christians.

Ami. If you arouse not from this lethargy, their doom is sealed—their blood is on your hands!

Ofi. Eh! what—the Christians blood? ah! the Emir—I remember—and I—fool—madman that I am! away to Gulnare! I can do nothing until this fit is off. [*Exit AMINEH, L.*] Here Osman, Seyd, where are ye, rascals?

Enter ATTENDANTS, 2 E. R.

Quick! go! no, stay—yes, go and stop the Colonel; no—yes—here take my sword. [*Giving bottle.*] Damn the bottle! [*Throws it away.*] Run—no, stop! come hither! See'st thou yonder fountain?

Osman. I do, my lord.

Ofi. Take me and put me under it.

Seyd. My lord.

Ofi. D'ye hear me, dogs! Obey me—get buckets—souse me—sink me!

Osman. Is my lord in earnest?

Ofi. Earnest! Ye sons of unnumbered hogs! Obey me—or I'll have ye flayed alive! I tell ye the lives of men to whom ye are even as the offal of the gutters is to the shining gems of India, may depend on your quickness!

Seyd. The spirit of prophecy is upon him.

Ofi. The spirit of *poteen* is upon me, ye blackguards! Place me under water, and if ye move me until I'm half-drowned, I'll make ye walk skinless in the burning sun, with no covering but your bones! Away! away!

Osman and Seyd. Bismillah! Mashallah! [*They bear him off.*]

SCENE II.—GULNARE'S Zenana in the Palace.

BLANCHE discovered.—She is in ARAB Costume.

Blanche. Well, dear Mrs. McShake may say what she pleases, there are some things in Algerine life that are pleasant enough, and considering that we are prisoners, we are treated with a great deal of civility—but Oh! France—dear, dear France! Would I not give all these servants—fine dresses—jewels—aye, and this little right hand into the bargain, to find myself at home again! The dear old Colonel who, no doubt, wonders why he has not heard of our safe arrival in India. Poor Eugene—and Leon—Leon—there, now, I do believe I'm going to cry again! It's very odd—when I think of the Colonel and Eugene, I'm sad enough, but when I think of Leon, I always begin to cry! Now, why should that be? Why don't I cry for Eugene? Mrs. McShake says he's the proper person to cry for, and I suppose she's right, but—

[Enter MRS. MACSHAKE, U. E. R., in a peculiar Costume, with a flattened paper-box in her hand.]

Mrs. M. Well, Blanche, my dear, I hope you'll give me some credit for penetration in future.

Blanche. Well, my dear Madame, what new discovery have you made?

Mrs. M. Prepare yourself, my dear. You know perfectly well how often I have remarked that it was not for nothing that we were treated so civilly by these barbarians—that this Madame Gulnare, or whatever she calls herself, had *her* motives, as well as the rest of them.

“Well, by diligently pumping Aminéh—

“Blanche. Pumping Aminéh?

“Mrs. M. Not in an aquatic point of view, my dear; pumping, in its inquisitive sense. I have discovered that Mrs. Gulnare is no more or less than a—well, she's no lawfully-married woman.

“Blanche. Well, but you know that, according to their laws here—for which, poor thing, *she* is not to blame—

“Mrs. M. Don't talk stuff, my darling. Laws *here*, indeed! No woman of intuititive delicacy would submit to such laws. But what are you to expect from people who eat with their fingers, and can't even sit down properly? Not a chair in the whole place—lopping and lolling about in such a lazy and disgusting manner!

Blanche. But, dear, they are taught from infancy—

Mrs. M. There you are again! Taught from infancy! She's no infant *now*, heaven knows. She's quite old enough to be aware that it's neither pretty nor proper to tuck one's heels under one, and twist one's self into knots. And as to *you*, Blanche, you really astonish me sometimes; you are absolutely falling into some of their fashions. Look at your dress. Very pretty for an opera-dancer, perhaps; but do you call that skirt a proper length for a young French lady of good birth?

Blanche. But, dear madam, you know we lost nearly all our clothes with the wreck, and I'm sure I wore those I had till they were in tatters; then I was obliged to take what the Sultan sent me. Why, you yourself have adopted their costume.

Mrs. M. In its material, miss, but not in its *shortness*. If *one* wasn't long enough, couldn't you have another sewn on to it, as I did? But I have the last remnant of my dear country's costume, carefully preserved; and, should we happily be rescued from this barbarous den, I at least shall present a civilized appearance. [*Producing a bonnet.*]

Blanche. But to the point—to the point, dear madam.

Mrs. M. Oh yes. Well, then, know that that villainous old Sultan intends to confer on you the honor of marriage

Blanche. What?

Mrs. M. Marriage, my dear, according to their beautiful laws here, “taught them from infancy—”

Blanche. No, no; you have been deceived, depend upon it.

Mrs. M. Deceived—no indeed—my information is sure enough. Aminéh herself told me not an hour ago.

Blanche. Fear not dearest friend for me. Aminéh has sworn to

protect me. I am no heroine, but rather than submit to such a fate I would implore her by every womanly feeling, to take my life.

Mrs. M. That's my noble girl. [*Embracing her. Music.*] Hark: what noise?

Blanche. It comes from the wall—approaches nearer: great heaven! for what are we reserved?

A panel gradually opens—LEON appears.

Leon. So, so—all's right—and this, I suppose, is the lady Gulnare's Zenana, or, as we should call it, boudoir.

Blanche. 'Tis Leon!

Mrs. M. Impossible!

Blanche. It is—it is—Oh, thank heaven!

Mrs. M. Stay—let us observe.

Leon. [*Closing panel.*] So far, so good—and now to determine what course I shall pursue with her imperious ladyship.

Blanche. Leon!

Leon. Blanche!

[*They embrace.*]

Mrs. M. Leon, my dear Leon.

Leon. As I suspected, by heavens!

Blanche. But you—how came *you* here, in Myra. Oh, my poor heart, I shall go wild with joy—Leon—dear, dear Leon!

Leon. She doesn't ask after Eugene.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. M. My dear—my dear—discretion.

Blanche. Oh, my dear; don't bother, I've no time for discretion—for anything but Leon. Leon, you've come to save us.

Leon. Yes—dear Blanche; but you must be calm. Everything depends on prudence. All explanations must be deferred to a future period.

Blanche. I don't want any explanations. You are here, and that is all I care for.

Leon. Where is Gulnare?

Blanche. Ah, true—she will be here, no doubt, immediately, and after all—

Mrs. M. Will she? Then I shall retire. You may make what excuses you please for her very questionable position in life, but *I* don't associate even in Arabia, with any such trash! stay—Leon do you give Blanche all the news of home, while I watch her approach.

Blanche. Will you, my dear, dear madame, how good you are.

Mrs. M. But remember to say all you've got to say quickly, for we are never left long alone. I'll give you due warning of her approach.

[*Exit L. 2 E.*]

Blanche. Now dear Leon, come sit by me and let me know in the first place, how you found your way here?

Leon. All that, I must reserve for a future time. [*Aside.*] No Eugene yet.

Blanche. And—and—Eugene—

Leon. [*Aside.*] There he is at last; she *does* love him! Eugene, too, is well. Blanche dear.

Blanche. Yes, Leon.

Leon. I made Eugene a promise.

Blanche. Did you?

Leon. Yes, that I would reveal to you a fact. Prepare yourself.

Blanche. Go on, go on.

Leon. Well, you know, that you and he—

Blanche. Yes, I know we did, well?

Leon. This agitation—this impatience, makes me fearful of saying what I promised.

Blanche. Don't; don't torture me, Leon.

Leon. [*Aside.*] Poor little thing—it must be told.

Blanche. Well then make haste about it.

Leon. Blanche, Eugene does not love you!

Blanche. Ah!

[*A scream of joy.*]

Leon. There, I knew it, and not an ounce of smelling salts in this d—d barbarous country! Look up, look up, Blanche! he was infatuated—[*Kisses her*—lost—[*Kisses her.*] Dear darling Blanche [*Kisses her*] forgive me, I don't know what I'm saying!

Blanche. Do you know what you're doing?

Leon. Yes, no, I thought you'd think it was Eugene. Listen, Blanche, he loves another.

Blanche. So do I.

Leon. What—why you don't mean, eh? what, me? Here's a discovery! but when, how?

Blanche. [*Imitating LEON's former manner.*] All that must I reserve for a future time.

Leon. Then Eugene was right, and he knew your heart as well as he did mine—

“ *Blanche.* Did he?

“ *Leon.* Yes, he told me I loved you, and didn't know it.

“ *Blanche.* Did he?

“ *Leon.* Yes—and that you had something nasty, gnawing at your heart, and you didn't know it. I begin to agree with the favorite Arabian Philosophy.

“ *Blanche.* What's that dear?

“ *Leon.* [*Embracing her.*] That everything happens for the best in “world.

Enter MRS. MACSHAKE, L. 2 E.

Mrs. M. There they are, both tucked up in that horrible eastern attitude. Leon, you had better retire at once, the creature is coming.

Leon. Nay, my year madame, it is by her own invitation I am here.

Mrs. M. Her own invitation—and why? Wherefore—I should like to know—you—a young man—a perfect stranger. Blanche, say farewell to Leon, for a time, and follow me. There's no telling who this polygamic fever may attack next. I don't know that I'm safe myself.

[*Exit R. U. E.*]

Blanche. Oh, Leon! how came she to invite you here? I'm not disposed to be jealous a bit—but you have been here as long as I have, and you've no idea how unscrupulous they are when they take a fancy.

Leon. Listen, dearest. The Vizier, who, for some reason I cannot fathom, appears to be our sincere friend, instructed me to come here

and in order to secure Gulnare's aid for our escape, to pretend to reciprocate her passion.

Blanche. Her passion! good gracious, then it is as I feared, and you are the handsome Feringhee, she was raving about to me all yesterday.

Leon. But, my darling, only to *pretend*.

Blanche. Yes, but I don't think she'll be contented with pretending.

Leon. I must try, at any rate, for your sake, for mine, for *all*. If I only knew their confounded Arabic well enough to make love in it.

Blanche. Oh, its very easy—Amineh taught me a great deal—for instance—the stronger phrases you employ the better. Paradise must be used frequently.

Leon. Paradise?

Blanche. Yes, and Bul-bul, which is Arabic for Nightingale; but avoid Iehanum—whatever you do, avoid *Iehanum*.

Leon. Ah! that's not Arabic for Paradise, I suppose?

Blanche. Not at all. [*Pointing down.*] Just the contrary.

Leon. Ah! I see.

Blanche. Then you must be particularly careful to—[*Music.*] She's coming.

Leon. And her female attendants. I'm sorry for that.

Blanche. Well, I'm *not*. Now, dear Leon, I must not be found with you. Oh, how happy this meeting has made your little Blanche! Farewell—and, I say, I dearest—

Leon. Well.

Blanche. You *must* pretend, I suppose?

Leon. I fear so, love.

Blanche. Well, don't pretend too much.

Leon. Never fear me.

Blanche. Because, you know, strong pretensions sometimes precede tender engagements.

Leon. She's here, away, my dearest Blanche, and trust all to my love and truth. [*Exit BLANCHE, U. E. R.*]

Leon. Pardie! this dismissing her attendants at the outer door—all but me; my task won't be so easy after all. What the devil did Blanche say about Bul-bul, Iehanum, and—well, I must trust to fate.

Enter GULNARE 2 E. C. attended by one slave—She seats herself on ottoman, and removes her veil—Music ceases.

Leon. By all the graces, she's a fine creature.

Gul. Stranger, before I tell you of my reasons for demanding your presence, it is well you should know the penalty of discovery—

Leon. To me, fair lady?

Gul. To me.

Leon. To you there should be none; if danger exists, the *man* should face it, not the woman.

Gul. 'Tis well said; but know, O Christian, that were the Sultan to discover thy visit here, the dagger, and the deep waters of the river flowing beneath these walls, were my certain fate.

Leon. But, lady, wherefore have you braved so fearful a chance?

Gul. Wherefore, Zaida, leave us, and keep good watch.

[Exit ZAIDA, 2 E. L.]

Leon. [Aside.] Hallo! we are to be alone then.

Gul. Now, come hither, and be near me while we converse.

Leon. [Aside.] Eh! oh, Lord!

Gul. Do you fear to approach me?

Leon. Fear. [Aside.] What the devil shall I say? [Aloud.] Fear; "and if I did, what wonder? Do we worship the beauty of the stars "the less, that we gaze on them from our lowly distance? [Aside.] "Come, that's pretty good humbug for a beginner.

Gul. If my eyes are to thee even as the stars, do thou approach, "they will not beam less kindly because all they love is near them.

Leon. [Aside.] We are getting warm. [Aloud.] Dear lady, your slave "is all unworthy of the honor. [Reclines near her.]

Gul. Now give ear unto my words—thou art new to our laws, our customs and our natures—fresh from a land, where friendship, love, even hate itself, is measured by the very rule. Thou wilt wonder at the force and depth of feelings, only comprehensible to those, born and nurtured under the burning sun of our Eastern World. Here, man lives, loves, conquers, roams at will over his native deserts. Not so with woman—she, from her very birth, is but a slave—within, noble thoughts, high aspirations, affections, passions stronger than those of man himself—without, a gilded chain; imagine a being of this nature, seeing for the first time a form and face such as her dreams had pictured, (for even our tyrants cannot command our dreams,) imagine this, I say—and then wilt cease to wonder at what, in thine own cold land, would be deemed the mere advances of a wanton—You do not answer?

Leon. [Aside.] This is tougher work than I bargained for. What can I say, dear lady?

Gul. What? We are alone, are we not?

Leon. There's not the slightest doubt on that point.

Gul. What is it then enchaining your speech?

Leon. [Aside.] Oh, its of no use. I must dive into the Eastern style at once. [Aloud.] Ah, dear lady, with thee, and ever thus by thy side how sweet were every fleeting hour?

Gul. Ah, yes.

Leon. Ah yes—to be sure—hem! But without thee, life were a mere Bul-bul upon earth!

Gul. A what?

Leon. [Aside.] I'm in for it—here goes! [Aloud.] A mere Bul-bul upon earth. While in thine arms Ithnium is open to my view.

Gul. What say ye?

Leon. There—together, after a life of bliss would we taste the joys of—

Gul. Dost thou mock me? Beware, sir Frank, for even in proportion to my love, so can I hate. There's danger in me!

Leon. [Aside.] Upon my soul I believe you; Blanche must have told me wrong. [Aloud.] If I offend, dear lady—

Gul. Nay, nay, I was hasty—I might have thought thine ignorance of our language—

Enter AMINEH, hastily, 2 E. L.

Who comes? Ha! where is Zaida?

Ami. I left her on the watch. Christian, there is not one moment to be lost. Thy life—thy father's—and the life of *him* who is to me life, love, and all the world—hang on the decision of a moment.

Gul. What mean you?

[*Music.*

Leon. My father—

Ami. Is even arriving at the gates of the city [*Distant music.*] lured hither by the artful tyrant on pretence of signing a treaty only in his presence. Strong as his escort is, he leaves it too far off to prevent his speedy fate, if they are not at once apprised of his danger. Would'st save him?

Leon. If not, at least I'll die with him.

[*Going.*

Ami. Stay! Are ye mad? That way you'll meet Mohammed.

Gul. And the Sultan—

Ami. Has doomed them all to death.

Gul. Spite of the flag of truce—

Ami. Spite of truth—of all a monarch should hold sacred.

Gul. Enough, youth. At the end of yonder passage, the door leads to the apartment of the chief of my guards—he is now absent. Go there; array thyself in his garments. Speak not; by signs alone reply to all I say. Come back hither when I sound this gong twice. Leave the rest to me.

Ami. Ha! I apprehend—

Leon. But my father—

Ami. Perishes if you delay. Come, I will lead thee—arm thee with my own hands. [*Exeunt LEON and AMINEH, R. 2 E. GULNARE seats herself on the ottoman.*

ZAIDA enters, preceding MOHAMMED.

Moh. Girl, leave us.

Gul. Stay; I have yet to learn that Emir Mohammed commands here as well as in the desert.

Moh. Well, proud lady, be it as you will.

Gul. The noble Emir has come into my presence somewhat rudely. What is his desire?

Moh. To perform his duty to his lord, the Sultan. Would that desire were more general among those around him.

Gul. I would it were, for then his majesty's officers would be somewhat less abrupt in their manner of approaching his chief Sultana.

[*She motions to ZAIDA to retire. Exit ZAIDA.*

Moh. The business I have come upon requires haste; and that must plead my pardon, lady, if I for an instant forget your rank. You are aware that two Christian chiefs arrived here lately, on a mission to the Sultan.

Gul. So I had heard.

Moh. One of them, it is feared, has escaped.

Gul. Escaped! How came he to be a prisoner!

Moh. That is not for us to decide. It pleased our lord and master, the Sultan, so to regard them.

Gul. The Sultan is the Light of Goodness. Well!

Moh. It is known, and to my shame I speak it, that my sister Amineh hath for one of them, a love such as should only be cherished in the breast of a true Arabian maid for a son of Islam. She has been seen near this part of the palace as if in search for some one—this has aroused suspicions which—

Gul. Which point towards me. It is just, O Emir.

Moh. You confess.

Gul. The Christian was here.

Moh. Aye! and now.

Gul. Is gone.

Moh. Gone! By whose connivance?

Gul. Mine!

Moh. Thine?

Gul. He came to me, told me his life was sought by enemies—implored my aid to gain him egress from the palace—I accorded it—he fled.

Moh. The Sultan.

Gul. If I had known—his majesty had willed his death—think you I would have let him forth? The fault was innocently committed. Now to repair it.

Moh. How?

Gul. One blow upon this gong will summon Haroun, the Lieutenant of my Guard.

Moh. Nay, he is somewhat, too, like thyself, too merciful, fair Sultana. Give *two* blows, and summon the Albanian Chief, dumb Zohrab.

Gul. Be it, O Emir, even as you direct. [*Strikes gong twice.*]

Moh. Aye, aye, the dumb Captain for me. His work is done quickly and silently. That loss of tongue is an advantage that, By Allah! these women never seem sufficiently to prize.

[*Piano music.*]

Enter LEON, dressed as ZOHRAB, 2 E. R. H.

Gul. Now, Zohrab, give ear and heart unto my words. [*He bows.*]

Moh. And make them few, good lady, for time flies, and the hated Christian may elude us.

Gul. One of the Frankish Chiefs has escaped. Thou knowest what I would have? [*Music. LEON intimates recapturing him.*]

Moh. Good, good! He's quick, and understands at once.

Gul. Thou knowest that horses for the guard on duty are always in the court-yard. Thine own, the *gray*, by far the *fleetest*, all ready saddled.

Moh. Why; surely, he knows all this, and wherefore lose time in repetition. Away, good Zohrab—the Christian has escaped. Thou knowest all thy chief would have, go do thy duty, confront thine en-

emy, and send his soul to bliss. Take men enough—ride, ride, for thy life, good Zohrab. Swear thou wilt strike and spare not.

[ZOHRAH does so in dumb show.

Ha, ha : brave chief, that's better than poor words—'tis action : away good Zohrab—ride—ride : now, Christian, hold thine own. .

Urges LEON off. AMINEH and GULNARE forming a tableaux at back as curtain descends.

SCENE III.—*Grand Hall of a Thousand Lights. A Superb Apartment in the SULTAN'S Palace. Guards, Pipe-Bearers, Sword-bearers, Fan-bearers &c., discovered. The SULTAN is on his Nushud, surrounded by his Court. GULNARE is also seen, veiled, near the SULTAN. OFL-AN-AGAN is on his right, MOHAMMED is on his left. The lights which are innumerable, should be so contrived as to disappear at a certain time, leaving the stage in total darkness.*

Sul. Has the great chief of the Feringhees yet entered the gates of Myra ?

Oglou. Light of the world, thy slave even now beheld him. He awaits permission to prostrate himself before you.

Sul. What escort does he bring ?

Oglou. So please your majesty, a band of those unsainted demons called Zouaves, the terror and the scourge of all true believers. These, however, he has, to prove his confidence in thy royal word, left some miles hence.

Ofl. [*Aside.*] The more fool he.

Sul. 'Tis well. Go—admit him to the presence. [*Exit OGLOU, L. V. E.*] Come hither Mohammed. [*SULTAN descends from the Nushud followed by MOHAMMED.*]

Sul. I would have counsel with thee apart ; thou knowest the mission of this chief ?

Moh. I do.

Sul. Were I to listen to him with a favoring ear, I should become the sworn foe of thee and all thy tribe.

Moh. 'Tis true, oh, Sultan.

Sul. I ask not counsel on this question of my Vizier, for, though true and staunch, he has ever favored these Christian dogs. Now, either I enter into alliance with this chief, give up my prisoners—the younger of whom is dearer to my eyes even than the loveliest of the harem, and become a foe to Islam, or by the sacrifice of every Christian now within these walls—save her, at once commence a slaughter which shall only cease when the last detested Frank is driven from the land he has polluted with his presence ! Give me thy counsel !

Moh. It is not for my dullness to dictate to the sovereign of the world, but were I to decide the question, I would send back these Christians unharmed. Then raise the standard of the Prophet, and give them fair and open battle.

Sul. Umph ! but thou would'st destroy them, would'st thou not ?

" *Moh.* By the great name of Allah, would I!

" *Sul.* Enough; leave the *manner* of their destruction then to me.
Hark ye. [Whispers.]

Ofl. [Aside.] Now my emoluments as Grand Vizier are pretty high, but I'd give a month of them to know what devilment these two are concocting.

Moh. Be it in all things, even as your Majesty shall command—yet would I spare the women.

Sul. Spare! Chief, remember thou—

Moh. And king, remember *thou*—thy hand doth grasp the scimitar as well as scepter, and if the monarch's sword be raised to strike, when men oppose, so let the warriors shield extend to save when women lift their feeble cry for mercy.

Sul. [To MOHAMMED.] No further words, so I will have it.

Moh. Then it is only mine to hear and to obey.

" *Sul.* Our trusty Vizier will be at our side to counsel us during the coming conference.

" *Ofl.* Aye, your majesty, truly, will be. One thing even now, I would venture to advise.

" *Sul.* Name it.

" *Ofl.* It is ever the custom to receive the Envoy of a great nation with due ceremony and in all honor.

" *Sul.* And do we not intend it? shall we not receive him even here in our especial hall of audience? Ere one word of treaty is exchanged, shall he not be royally entertained? Aye, and, by Allah! his reception shall be such that the nations of Europe shall lift up their hands and long shall be remembered the Sultan's reply to the man who proposed to him alliance with the Christians!

Music—Enter OGLOU, L. V. R., with guards and COLONEL.

Sul. It gives us satisfaction to welcome the great chief of the Frankish soldiers. We had received thy envoys, O chief, with all honor, but the points of treaty were of importance too vast to be ratified save with thyself—in person.

Col. I thank your majesty for your kind reception of my officers, although I must frankly tell you, I think the matter was clear and simple enough to settle with *them*, without bringing me much further from my command than was agreeable. However, my august master, the Emperor wishes for peace and friendship with your nation—you wanted to see me, and, as I always study every one's convenience, here I am.

Sul. And you have, in noble trust of our word, left your escort some miles away?

Col. Why—yes the—that don't trouble me much. I've no fear that any crowned king would dare offer insult to the Representative of France, let him be as defenseless as he might.

Ofl. Faith, that's a fine ould Trojan, and does'nt waste time in mealy epithets.

Sul. One of your officers is here to greet you.

Enter EUGENE, R. 1 E.

Eug. [*Aside.*] The Colonel here!

Col. Ah, Eugene, my boy, here I am you see. His majesty would only confer with an officer of a certain rank, so I've made a quick march of it to relieve you. But where's Leon?

Eug. [*Aside.*] Where, indeed? [*Aloud.*] Oh, sir, he'll be here shortly, I've no doubt.

Col. I dare say he's poking his nose somewhere where he has no business. Have you seen these lady prisoners?

Eug. I have—but for Heaven's sake, sir, speak low.

[*They retire up a little*

Sul. They confer apart. The Christian dogs must be taught more respect for our presence!

Ofl. May it please your majesty, it were better not to interrupt them. The young Kaffir is doubtless instructing the old Kaffir how to address the monarch of the world with due respect.

Col. Whew! the devil! here? Incredible!

Eug. But true, I assure you.

Col. But Leon?

Eug. Has escaped, to bring on the Zouaves. There's treachery in these Arab scoundrels, depend upon it.

Sul. [*Sets. To OFI-AN-AGAN.*] Be it, O Vizier, even as you advise. Oglou, summon the Christian women to the foot of our Nusmud.

Oglou. On my head be it.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*

Ofl. [*Aside.*] By the Lord, it's on *all* our heads it will be if I don't keep a mighty sharp lookout.

Sul. Chief, you have sent to me regarding certain prisoners. It is not the custom for the kings of Myra to treat in person with the inferior officers of any power; therefore, we deemed it fit to deny the existence of such prisoners. But to *you*, we freely admit that two Frankish ladies are even now in our palace.

Col. [*Aside.*] Thank ye for nothing.

Sul. Dost thou hear and comprehend our word, O chief?

Col. Oh, I comprehend your majesty. You don't tell the truth to anybody under a colonel,

Ofl. [*Aside.*] That's a nate dig in the ribs for the eastern potentate.

Eug. [*To COLONEL, aside.*] Pray, sir, be cautious.

Sul. [*To MOHAMMED.*] Nay, let them come. The greater the joy of these foes to our Prophet, the more deeply shall they feel my vengeance when it shall fall upon them?

Col. [*Reflectively.*] Mrs. MacShake again, eh? Well, of course I shall be deuced glad to see her; but why the devil couldn't she get shipwrecked further away from me? She'll have me yet.

Eug. They are here, sir.

Enter OGLOU, with MRS. MACSHAKE and BLANCHE, R. 1 E.

Blanche. Oh, my dear, dear Colonel!

Mrs. M. Oh, my dear, dear friend!

Col. [*Kisses her.*] There. She's taken a mean advantage of my position.

Mrs. M. What a meeting! and what a situation to find me in!

Col. Yes, you're rather— [*Looking at her costume.*] Ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon, but really—

Sul. [*To OFL-AN-AGAN.*] It seems they are relations, or dear friends.

Of. Great Sultan, it doth not necessarily follow. In their barbarous part of the world, kissing and hugging is often indulged in by those who are neither one nor the other.

Sul. Will it please you, O chief, to recline? Let our guests be entertained as befits our kindly wishes towards them.

[*Music—piano.* *MRS. MACSHAKE, COLONEL, EUGENE, and BLANCHE are seated on ottomans. Sherbet and pipes are brought.*

Mrs. M. Tucked up again! Did you ever see such a set of barbarians, my dear Colonel? Isn't this the most horrible fashion of reposing?

Col. Tastes differ. I think it's pretty comfortable. But what does that music mean?

Blanche. Oh! that's the approach of the Nautch girls.

Col. The what?

Mrs. M. Yes, the Nautch girls, or the naughty girls, or whatever they call them. One of their horrible modes of amusement.

[*Dance of the Nautch girls, during which a communication is made to MOHAMMED, who speaks to SULTAN.*

Mrs. M. Did you ever see anything so horribly indelicate?

Col. Well, I don't know—I rather like it.

Mrs. M. Good gracious!

Sul. Ha! the other has escaped! then we must be speedy! [*Sends MOHAMMED off, U. E. L.*] Well, Chieftain, what think you of our mode of entertaining those we look upon as friends?

Col. Faith, your majesty, it's all pleasant enough. But I would now respectfully suggest that we proceed to the business of my mission.

Sul. In good time. But having seen our treatment of those we look upon as friends—the Christian shall now behold our mode of dealing with a traitress. Gulnare, stand forth! [*GULNARE rises.*] Speak, O false one! Didst thou aid the Frankish officer's escape?

Gul. I did.

Sul. And dost thou not tremble at the thought of our revenge?

Gul. I do not tremble!

Sul. By the right hand of Allah! thou shalt die within the hour!

Gul. I am ready to die. It is a better fate than living as thy slave!

Sul. Seize and bind her!

[*She is seized.*

Col. Hold! let me entreat for the poor lady.

Sul. Christian! Didst thou not hear my oath?

Col. It was a bad oath. Break it, before it is recorded.

Sul. Silence! Concern not thyself for *her* fate. Think rather of thine own.

Col. That does not give me the slightest concern. You would not dare—

Sul. Dare!

Off. By the soul of King Brian, things are coming to a head!

Sul. Now mark me. Thou hast here with thee, thy officer, and two women, who, by thy manner of greeting them, we presume have belonged thy harem.

Col. What!

Mrs. M. Well, upon my word!

Col. Damn his impudence!

Sul. You are at my mercy, for the true servant of our great Prophet, holds no treaty, makes no terms, regards no truce with the detested Gaiour!

Col. The devil he don't! what becomes then of all the friendship you were protesting just now.

Sul. It was our will that you should see the splendor, and taste the joys that surround the true believer, that ye might the more deeply feel his wrath upon the Christian invader!

Re-enter MOHAMMED, U. E. L.

Blanche. Great heavens! they will murder him.

Col. Silence, dear child! leave me to deal with this paltry tyrant.

Sul. Now give heedful ear unto my words. Mohammed al Raschid, Emir of the Abdalis, and our most trusted friend, hath from time to time, and in disguise, visited thy camp and outposts.

Moh. [*Coming down c.*] Dost thou recognize me, Christian?

Col. Ah, ha! my friend the coffee merchant. So you risked being hanged as a *spy*, did you?

Moh. I did—but it hath not yet pleased Allah that I should die in defense of his name.

Col. Oh, don't grieve on that point; there's every probability of your swinging yet.

Sul. [*Rises and comes down c.*] There is one place in thy defenses, called the round fort. If you would save your life, tell me what is the number of its defenders?

Col. [*After a pause.*] Were you in my camp, and dared to put such a question, I should simply have you tied to the nearest tree and lash you like a hound. But as I stand here, surrounded by your cut-throats, I can only reply by telling you to your head, that, Sultan though you be, you're an impudent old scoundrel!

Off. Oh, murder!

Moh. Cut the Kaffir dog to pieces! [*General movement.*]

Sul. Hold! be not hasty, good Mohammed—all in good time.

A MESSENGER comes on U. E. L., with a communication.

Col. Look on me, Sultan of Myra; here do we face each other, two aged men. Your hair has grown white in luxury, tyranny, impression, and in the lust for human life! Mine is silvered in the service of my country; *that* might have procured enough of respect to save me from such a proposal. But let your *slaves* come on! you could

not feel how a French officer should answer—you shall at least see how a Christian gentleman can die!

Moh. Dost thou remember the Emir's oath?

Col. I do, my noble spy—You swore to have my head—[*draws.*] Now come and take it.

Enter AMINEH, U. E. L.

Moh. Amineh! this is no place for thee, girl! away.

Ami. Pardon me my brother. The daughter of the desert should be able to witness the destruction of the Frank without trembling.

Moh. Ah! brave girl. Is the true spirit aroused in thee at last?

Eug. [To COLONEL.] The knowledge he desires can be of no service to them. Think of the value of your life, dear sir.

Col. If the knowledge of one gun, one soldier, one *dog* more in our camp would save my life he should not have it.

Sul. Should he not? Know then that thy *son* is again in my hands. He has been re-taken.

Blanche. Leon!

[*Sinks on EUGENE'S shoulder.*]

Col. My son—

Sul. Is now on his knees in the court-yard of this palace. The head's man stands beside him—his good blade is lifted. If I draw this dagger from my girdle, his head will roll in the dust, and shall be spurned by the foot of every slave within the palace. Give me the information I demand, and ye shall both be free. [*Sits on Nusmud.*]

Col. My boy—my boy—the pride and hope of my old age—cut down in the first fresh dawn of fame—and *I* his father, am to give the word that—Villains! at least bring him here, let me hold him in my arms, and we will die together?

Sul. I have said—

Col. Then strike! and be our blood a legacy of vengeance to our country.

Sul. Madman! Think—your life—your son's—those women—all depend upon your word. I say your son is there, and—

Ofl. And I say you lie! you theiving ould son of Satan—he is *not* there. [*Distant trumpets &c.*] Dy'e hear that?

Col. The trumpets of the Zouaves!

Ofl. *There's* where he is! [*Tearing off his turban and jewels.*] There—and there—take back the price of your precious service! I've had enough of ye all! Give me your hand, General—I'm your countryman—all Europeans are countrymen in this blackguard hole! I am a soidier, sir, give me the honor of standing or falling by your side

OGLOU rushes on U. E. L.

Oglou. The Zouaves approach—there is artillery with them!

[*Firing heard.*]

Col. Hurrah! There are my children beginning to talk!

Mrs. M. The wretches! I could almost handle a gun myself!

Blanche. So could I, only I'm sure I should hold it wrong end foremost.

Sul. [To OFL-AN-AGAN.] Traitor! Had I listened to Mohammed, I

had suspected ye long ago—but my revenge shall not be balked! To your guns—let them be leveled at every Christian here! When I give the word—fire—and *when ye fire—*

AMINEH *who has drawn near the SULTAN, suddenly unsheathes his dagger and holds it to his throat.*

Ami. *When they fire—I strike!*

[*Tableaux*

Sul. Ha! heed her not—she dare not—she is but mad!

Ami. Am I so?—Beware, then, the fury of madness! Touch one trigger, and the steel is in his throat!

During all this the storm of battle is approaching nearer and nearer.

Col. Brave girl! Be firm—move not—it's a beautiful attitude—it's better than the Nautch girls!

Ost. Why don't ye fire, ye blackguards?

Moh. Fire not—the life of the Sultan before all.

OGLOU *rushes on.*

Oglou. The Zouaves have overthrown all opposition, and the artillery's shot and shell are directed on the palace itself. The Zouaves are led by one in the dress of an officer of the Sultana's guard.

Ost. [*To COLONEL.*] That's your son!

Oglou. He fights like a very demon.

Col. Of course he does, it runs in the family. Damme he wants his father.

[*A very loud report.*

Ost. Hooroo! that's a shell! St. Patrick forever, and to the devil with the odds! now look out.

[*A terrific explosion—All the lights out—The walls are blown in, and fall in huge fragments, revealing the city on fire, with the conflict going on—The Zouaves are seen mounted on the various breaches made in the wall—LEON, with the tri-color in his hand crowns the picture—AMINEH who has become gradually faint is caught by EUGENE—BLANCHE runs to LEON—The COLONEL knocks down the fellow holding MRS. MACSHAKE, and embraces her—The band headed by the tambour-major, are seen playing "Partant pour la Syrie."*]

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a Tent on the outskirts of Myra.*

EUGENE discovered, also OGLOU, in charge of two ZOUAVES.

Eug. If you will tell me what has become of her, I will obtain your freedom from the Colonel.

Oglou. What is the sister of the Emir Mohammed unto thee?

Eug. That matters not. You know where she is. You shall be well rewarded, only speak.

Oglou. I will not speak.

Eug. Villain! Know you that I could have you hanged?

Oglou. Aye, thou canst kill me, but thou canst not make me speak!

Eug. [*To ZOUAVES.*] Take him back, and keep close watch upon him.

Oglou. It is well. Proud Christian! which of us appears most like a conqueror, now? [*Exit OGLOU and ZOUAVES, U. E. L.*]

Eug. Strange, stubborn race! If they cannot conquer us in fight, they can, at least, equal us in endurance.

Enter COLONEL DELMAR, 2 E. L.

The Colonel seems very contemplative. Something unusual must have happened. I never saw him so, on the eve of a fight.

Col. Now, Mrs. McShake, I trust you're satisfied. At least, I've done it.

Eug. Has the Sultan been made aware of your conditions, sir?

Col. [*To himself.*] I've absolutely sent a written proposal.

Eug. Ah! then, of course, we shall soon have an answer from him. He has been.

Col. [*To himself.*] Fishing for it—for some time.

Eug. Eh! beg pardon. I say he has been very ill for the last two days. The surgeons say, sickening for small pox.

Col. [*To himself.*] And now she's got it!

Eug. She! Who?

Col. Eh! Oh, Eugene, is that you? talking to yourself?

Eug. Me! sir. No! I was asking about the Sultan.

Col. Oh! The Sultan—The Sultan has agreed to pay a good round ransom, and aid us against the frontier tribes. We've given that aged potentate rather a wholesome lesson.

Eug. And—and—the Emir Mohammed, sir—

Col. Well, he's a fine fellow for an Arab—and though by his own confession a spy—I shall let him go this time.

Eug. Oh, a thousand thanks, dear sir!

Col. Thanks!—why, what's he to you?

Eug. Nothing—only I agree with you, sir, that he is a fine fellow in some respects, and 'twould have been a pity to hang him.

Col. True—so we'll give him his liberty—on certain conditions, of course. Liberty's a fine thing—eh, Eugene?

Eug. Decidedly, sir.

Col. A man should'nt part with it hastily or without consideration, eh, Eugene?

Eug. Certainly not, sir. [*Aside.*] What the deuce is the matter with him? [*Exit EUGENE.*]

Col. No—I'll not shrink—after all there are many good reasons for the step—besides she had set her mind on it, and when a woman once sets her mind on a thing—here come Blanche and Leon—quite loving too, I declare. His arm around her waist. Well, considering that he don't wish to marry her, and she's in love with Eugene—that's pretty familiar. Ah, I see it all now—these good children are determined to sacrifice themselves for me. To let the dearest wishes of their kind hearts succumb to my desires. No, no, they shall not repent it.

Enter LEON and BLANCHE, R. 2 E.

Leon. Any news yet, sir, of our kind friend, the Grand Vizier?

Blanche. News, oh, bless you, yes—I heard of him, when the melee was quite over, where do you think he was found?

Leon. Retired upon his laurels to his own house?

Blanche. Not a bit of it. Retired to a large store room, from which he was distributing what he called whiskey punch to our soldiers.

Col. The devil he was.

Blanche. [*Crosses c.*] Oh, yes, I'm sure it must be something very good for them—poor fellows. It put them in such spirits you'd be surprised.

Col. No I should'nt.

Blanche. Why, they laughed, and sang, and capered, and were so fatigued with their happiness, that some of them had to lie down to rest themselves.

Col. I've not the slightest doubt of it. [*Calls.*] Here Sergeant—Eugene—Corporal—some of ye!

Enter EUGENE, R. 2 E.

Oh, Eugene! Run immediately to his Hibernian highness, the grand Vizier, and respectfully intimate to him that he's making my soldiers drunk!

[*Exit EUGENE R. 2 E.*]

Blanche. Surely there's no harm in this whiskey punch?

Col. Is'nt there, my dear? Excuse me, I know it by experience—for, as I always study every one's convenience, I tried it once, to please an Irish friend. The boldness of brandy proclaims itself—and there's a noble frankness and candor about champagne. Claret, too, has the gentlemanly consideration to let you know when you've had enough. But whiskey is a coaxing, insidious, wheedling, seducing scoundrel, that gives no warning—and you are what is technically termed *flooded*—before you think you're staggered!

Leon. There's real pleasure in vanquishing an enemy like that, I must some day meet whisky punch face to face.

Col. Well, when you *do*, look out, that's all. Oh, by the by, Leon, and you too, *Blanche*, I've something to tell you; but first, I want to ask a question or two, which no one can answer so well as you, *Blanche*. Now, my dear, candidly, and without reserve, quite confidentially, you know, what do you think of Mrs. MacShake?

Blanche. Me, sir? I, well I—

Col. You hesitate.

Blanche. Why, yes, the question is so very peculiar, and so very sudden that I'm—

Leon. She's what you technically term "staggered," sir.

Col. You mind your own business, sir. Well, my dear?

Blanche. Well, I think she's a kind, honest hearted woman.

Col. Aye, just the sort of person to make a good wife, eh, my dear?

Blanche. Um—well—perhaps—

Col. Perhaps?

Blanche. If she had a very obedient husband—

Col. [*Aside.*] Oh, the devil! I *have* done it, with a vengeance. I can't tell them now. The hereditary courage of the Delmars has descended from the heart to the boots.

Blanche. But, dear Colonel, may I ask why—

Enter OFL-AN-AGAN, R. 3 E.

Ofl. Oh, my dear sir, I beg you a thousand pardons. I never had the least idea I was interfering with duty when I treated the boys to a taste of the liquor of life. It's lucky we stopped in time. As it is, there's no great harm done. There's half-a-dozen of 'em with a thrifle of spiral movement in the walk; but the number absolutely prostrate, don't amount to more than three.

Col. [*Aside.*] How the devil shall I keep this fellow out of mischief? [*Aloud.*] My good friend, to you and that brave Arab girl we chiefly owe our safety. Now, it would give us all much pleasure to learn—in fact, to study everybody's convenience, and come to the point at once. We want to know who you really are.

Ofl. [*To COLONEL*] Be the powers, Colonel dear, I've been so long in this pagan pig-sty of a place, that I hardly remember. But I'll go back a few years, and tell ye what I can scrape up. I suppose, when I say I'm an Irishman by birth, you won't doubt me?

Col. Not in the least. You proved that satisfactorily on my soldiers just now. But proceed.

Ofl. Motives, which—which are of no consequence, induced me, many years ago, to leave Ireland for the east; so I started, one fine day, for Egypt, in the good ship Hereford.

Blanche. The Hereford? Good gracious, how singular!

Col. and Leon. Eh! what's the matter?

Blanche. Oh, nothing; I merely—had heard the name before. Pray, go on, sir.

Ofl. Well, after all, the story's a short one. I struck up a kind of a friendship with a countryman, one of the passengers on board. Ah!

there was a divil, if ye like. Talk about my drinking! By the blood of the Kinahans, ye should have seen *him*. Well, the ship was wrecked (and, not very far from the spot where you stand, miss, was stranded), and every mother's son of us, barrin' meself, was drowned. I was picked up next morning, all but dead, by some of the Sultan's people; and, being a pretty strong boy in those days, as soon as I could stand, they made me a full private in the guard. A few hints I gave them about handling their guns made them look upon me as a sort of a prodigy, and unlike cleverer folks, they not only gave advice; but they took it; the result of which was that they walloped all their enemies, till you Frenchmen came. Of coorse, I became a great man amongst them, and—and—upon me sowl, I've no more to say.

Col. And your name.

Off. [*Aside.*] Hallo! pull up. Shady, you may get into mischief, after all!

Col. Surely, you don't fear to confide in us?

Off. [*Aside.*] I'll borrow the name of my dead drinking fellow-passenger.

Col. Well, you won't trust us?

Off. Oh! but I will. My real name then, is Cornelius MacShake.]

Blanche. Good Heavens! } *Together.*

Leon. What!

[*The COLONEL, after a pause, runs up to OFL-AN-AGAN and embraces him.*

Off. What the divil's the matter with them all?

Col. My friend! my benefactor! my preserver! speak that blessed name again!

Off. Certainly, Cornelius MacShake.

Blanche. It is.

Leon. Astounding!

Off. [*Aside.*] MacShake seems to make everybody shiver!

Blanche. [*Crosses to 1 U. L.*] Oh, sir! if you knew.

Leon. [*Crosses to OFL-AN-AGAN.*] My dear friend, if you could guess.

Col. Stay, my children, we must not be too abrupt.

Blanche. [*Looking 1 E. L.*] [*Aside.*] Good gracious! She's coming.

Col. [*Aside.*] I'll take *him* away. Do you break it to her.

Off. They're going to break something! What have I done for meself now?

Col. [*Crosses to OFL-AN-AGAN, R.*] Retire with me, my dear friend! There are blessings in store for you that you little dream of.

Off. Are there, now?

Col. One, in particular, you were nearly being deprived of—but, thank Heaven! I'm safe—I mean *you're* safe. Not a word—this way—with me. Hush!

Exeunt COLONEL and OFL-AN-AGAN 2 E. R.

Leon. How shall we tell her?

Blanche. Oh *Fl* do it.

Leon. I think you'd better leave it to me.

Blanche. Not at all, you be ready to catch her when she faints.

Leon. Oh, will she faint?

Blanche. Of course; how stupid you are—hush!

[*They go up stage.*]

Enter MRS. MACSHAKE, L. 2 E.

Mrs. M. Now perhaps I shall know from Colonel Delmar, for what reason he could possibly—

Blanche. [*Coming to her side.*] Dear madame—

Leon. [*R. on the other side.*] Dear madame.

Blanche. [*L. To LEON.*] Go away, Dear madame. [*Motions LEON to place a chair.*] Sit down. [*LEON places chair—MRS. MACSHAKE sits.*]

Mrs. M. [*C.*] Well, my dear, you are very mysterious—and if I was a nervous person—

Blanche. That's it. [*Motions LEON to get behind MRS. MACSHAKE.*] Oh, my dear friend, prepare yourself!

Mrs. M. Prepare myself? Do for heaven's sake, explain. [*Seeing LEON behind her.*] What are you doing there?

Blanche. He's alive!

Mrs. M. Well, I see he is—but what are you driving at?

Blanche. Listen, dearest madame—the Hereford—

Mrs. M. [*Starting up and nearly upsetting LEON.*] Ah? [*BLANCHE motions LEON to stand behind her—LEON declines.*]

Mrs. M. Well, what of the Hereford?

Blanche. Was wrecked near this place—

Mrs. M. Well, well, well—

Blanche. One passenger escaped—

Mrs. M. Ah? and that one?

Blanche. Became afterwards Grand Vizier to the Sultan—

Mrs. M. And the Grand Vizier was—

Blanche. Was and is your husband?

Mrs. M. My heart prophesied it when first you mentioned the ship's name. Well, my dear—I—I suppose we must meet?

Blanche. Oh yes—but not now—not this moment. Retire with us for a few moments.

Mrs. M. I will—oh Blanche, this is a dreadful trial!

Blanche. It is—but your firmness will sustain it. Come, dear madam—come!

[*They lead her off, 2 E. L.*]

* *Enter COLONEL 2 E. R.*

Col. There's a special providence that watches over stupid and precipitate old Colonels—ah, ha! *Mrs. MacShake*, that's all you've got by coming here and getting shipwrecked on purpose to catch me. I've lost her—but I'll be firm—I'll bring them together and then I'll go and hide my broken heart in genteel retirement.

Enter LEON, U. E. L.

Leon. [*To COLONEL—in whisper.*] Have you?

Col. [*In whisper.*] Yes—have you?

Leon. [*In whisper.*] Yes.

Col. [*In whisper.*] Are you ready?

Leon. [*In whisper.*] Yes.

Col. [*In whisper.*] So are we.

LEON and BLANCHE support MRS. MACSHAKE slowly down stage—
COLONEL does the same with OFL-AN-AGAN.—*They place them in chairs
and leave them.*

Ofl. [*Aside.*] It's mighty clear that these poor creatures are all laboring under the effects of sun-stroke!

[*They look at each other a short time and then MRS. MACSHAKE bursts into tears.*]

Ofl. [*Aside.*] Here's a fresh lunatic! I must take care what I do and say!

Mrs. M. Oh, is it you?

Ofl. [*Aside.*] That's a leading question. [*Aloud.*] Yes, ma'am, it's me. [*Aside.*] There can be no danger in admitting the fact.

Mrs. M. Let me look at you.

Ofl. Certainly, ma'am—but not too close—I'm much handsomer at a distance.

Mrs. M. [*Sighing.*] Ah—the old manner.

Ofl. Yes, ma'am, the old manner.

Mrs. M. Time makes great alterations.

Ofl. [*Aside.*] That's another safe remark—[*Aloud.*] Yes, certainly.

Mrs. M. I never should have known you.

Ofl. No, you never should—I mane of coorse not.

Mrs. M. How was it you did not recognize me?

Ofl. The fact is, you're so much improved since I saw ye before.

Mrs. M. [*Coquettishly.*] Go along, you creature.

Ofl. [*Rising.*] Yes, ma'am, certainly.

Mrs. M. No—no—I don' tmean that. Cornelius, time softens many things—does it not?

Ofl. No doubt of it, ma'am—whiskey and potatoes, in particular if ye keep 'em long enough.

Mrs. M. Why do you call me ma'am?

Ofl. Well—it's a habit I've got. I call everybody ma'am.

Mrs. M. Well, you may again call me Clorinda—or even as you used—Clo—The old name.

Ofl. Yes—ould—Clo:

Mrs. M. I have now a most delicate question to ask of you.

Ofl. [*Aside.*] Now wer'e coming to family secrets.

Mrs. M. One on which depends my forgiveness—

[LEON, COLONEL and BLANCHE appear, watching.]

Col. Go away, children—how dare you look; I'm ashamed of you.

[*Exeunt, LEON, BLANCHE and COLONEL. The COLONEL returns.*]

Mrs. M. [*After a pause.*] I know well the frightful customs of this barbarous country. Have you become a convert to them?

Ofl. [*Aside.*] What the divil shall I say? [*Aloud.*] Yes ma'am—Clo—to a certain extent.

Mrs. M. [*Coming close to him and playfully.*] Come now—answer me one question truly—will ye—will ye, Corney?

Ofl. Corney!

Mrs. M. [*Gently pulling him by beard.*] Will ye?

Ofl. Don't ma'am—Clo—if ye plaze.

Mrs. M. [*Sighing.*] Ah! you never had a soft heart.

Ofl. No ma'am—but I've a mighty tinder chin.

Mrs. M. Come now, the truth—how many have ye?

Ofl. How many?

Mrs. M. Yes! How many?

Ofl. [*Aside.*] It's the money she's after! [*Aloud.*] How many piasters is it?

Mrs. M. Piasters! No! *Wives.*

Ofl. [*Aside.*] Oh, murther! I can't stand this any more. We're getting intirely too domestic! [*Aloud.*] This is all a mistake, ma'am. A mistake of mine made for me by somebody else. My name is *not* MacShake.

Mrs. M. What!

Ofl. It never *was* MacShake. The truth is, ma'am, I'm an Irish soldier—and though very fond of discipline when I *command*, I never relished it when I was *commanded*. So, years ago, I took French leave and deserted. Mr. McShake was a fellow-passenger with me when we were lost—and——

[*Exit, R. H.*]

[*The COLONEL has fallen into a chair at this intelligence.*]

LEON and BLANCHE enter.

Leon and Blanche. What's the matter?

Mrs. M. Come to me, children. This is a heavy blow. I'm stunned!

Col. No! come to me, children, I'm crushed!

Blanche. Dear madam, bear up.

Leon. Dear father, what is the matter?

Col. [*Recovering himself.*] Eh! Oh, nothing. A momentary surprise—that's all. Did I seem much overcome, Leon?

Leon. You seemed what you technically term "floored," sir.

Col. Ah! Umph! Yes. Well, leave Mrs. McShake and I together for a few minutes—I've something to say to her.

[*Exeunt LEON and BLANCHE, 2 E. L.*]

[*After a pause, MRS. MACSHAKE slowly draws forth a letter.*]

Col. [*Aside.*] I knew it—she's calmly unsheathing her weapon of destruction!

Mrs. M. Colonel Delamar.

Col. Mrs. MacShake.

Mrs. M. Whatever may be the effect of the trial I have just passed through, I am still enough myself to meet you and your proposal as becomes me.

[*Opens and looks at letter.*]

Col. [*Aside.*] There's no escape—I sought my fate. The precipice is before me—I'll make Quintus Curtius my model, and like that gentleman walk calmly into the abyss.

Mrs. M. You have here made me a proposal.

Col. I have, madam. Excuse me if I seem abrupt, but I pique myself on my penetration. I have long perceived your wishes with regard to myself; and as I always study every one's convenience—

Mrs. M. Sir, I—

Col. I beg your pardon; I simply mean—that I thought it best to—

Mrs. M. You thought it best—to make a noodle of yourself.

Col. Noodle, ma'am?

Mrs. M. Noodle, sir. What act or word of mine ever gave encouragement to your absurd idea? Do you suppose that, if I had designs upon you, I should have started for India? Come, Colonel, take back your letter, and consider it unwritten. You thought I was—ha! ha!—in love with you.

Col. Well, madam, I—

Mrs. M. Oh!—ha! ha! ha! Excuse me, but it's too ridiculous. Well, since we *must* be formal, Colonel Delmar, I decline the honor—

Col. [*Aside.*] Now, damn me if she sha'n't marry me, whether she likes it or no. *Mrs. MacShake!*

Mrs. M. Hush! Don't let's make fools of ourselves before the young people.

Enter EUGENE—he goes to table.

Col. [*After reflecting a little.*] You observed, just now, madam, that I had made a noodle of myself.

Mrs. M. Well, I certainly did say—

Col. Oh! don't be delicate. A very little reflection has convinced me that *jackass* would have been a better term—

Mrs. M. My dear Colonel—

Col. Now don't spare me, I beg—it is so.

Mrs. M. Well, if you—

Col. I do. We'll *say* jackass, if you please. But if my penetration has failed me in one instance, you shall acknowledge that I can be right on *some* points. Eugene, come hither, my boy. I think you will do me the justice to admit that the discovery I made just before we started for Algeria has never altered my conduct or manner towards you.

Eug. No, indeed, sir; you have been more kind than ever—more generous than I had dared to hope.

Col. Well, I thought that Blanche by her sudden departure for India was irrevocably lost to both you and Leon. Eugene, it will overturn a favorite plan, but—two young and fond hearts shall not suffer through me—in a word, prepare for rapture, my boy—Blanche is yours.

Mrs. M. Now you *are* a good creature.

Col. Well, what say you—I don't see any rapture yet.

Eug. I'm so astounded—so—so—so—

Col. So, so—hang it, sir, you've a very so so way of expressing yourself.

Eug. My kindest friend, it never shall be said that I willfully deceived so generous a heart—I no longer love Blanche.

Col. What?

Mrs. M. My poor child!

Eug. Think what you will of me—the worst—I love another.

Col. Well, upon my soul—and *this* is the return for my care of you since you were a friendless boy—treating you as a second son. For some fresh fancy you would break a heart that confides in—. You are a scoundrel, sir!

Mrs. M. Colonel, pray—

Eug. Dear sir, if you'll only hear me. Blanche herself—

Col. Don't speak to me, sir,—don't look at me, I've done with you forever. [Crosses to L.]

Enter MOHAMMED and AMINEH, C.

Moh. Chieftain, I am here to take my leave, and in bending, ow before thee—I do it, not to the brave soldier, not to the victorious commander, but to the generous heart that can feel mercifully and act nobly towards the vanquished!

Col. Enough, my friend—I said before, and I say it again, that you are a fine fellow for an Arab; you are welcome to your freedom, so you do not use it against us.

Moh. May this hand be withered, if it is ever lifted against a Christian life again!

Col. [Crosses C. L.] And you, my brave girl—have you no word for the old man whose life you saved. Will you not accept—

Amineh. [C.] Not even thanks—you were in danger—and were you not dear to him?

Col. To him? I don't—

Eug. I told you, sir, I loved another. Amineh is and ever will be sole mistress of my heart.

Col. [L.] So, sir, you have added to your falsehood and treachery in one case, a vile deception in another!

Eug. [R.] Deception, sir—

Mrs. M. [R. C.] Yes, sir, deception. You knew—you *must* have known beforehand—that an unnatural, absurd marriage of this kind your friends would never consent to. Pardon me, my poor girl, I would not willingly wound you, but there is a point at which delicacy becomes cruelty. Listen to me. The manners, habits, prejudices of our countrymen are as widely different in all respects as your own free and arid desert is to our crowded cities. For a while you would be contented and happy—love would enshrine you in a rosy cloud. But time—aye, believe me—but a short time would waft that cloud aside—and to both—a late-repentance!

Eug. Repent? never! I—

Col. [Crosses to C.] Who the devil was speaking to you, sir? I'm very much obliged to you, Mrs. MacShake, for expressing my—yes, my sentiments so admirably. My child—[To AMINEH.]

Ami. And think you, Chieftain, that you *descend* in mating with the Arab? Think you that the memory of our free and noble ancestry is nought? I tell you, that for centuries, the dwellers in the desert have handed from father to son a heritage of pride as well as valor which the daughters will not belie! Know, proud Frenchman, that our very *steeds* can boast descent as far and pure as many of the

kings of Europe! Enough of this—I *can* resign him—though I love—
Eug. Amineh!

Col. Eugene!

Ami. [L. C.] Fear not, sir. Let the daughters of France admit it sin or shame to confess a passion that is pure and honest—I have not been so taught. And I can say without a blush—I love him—shall ever love him—yet I will resign him!

Moh. [L.] My own dear sister—

Eug. Amineh, hear me—

Ami. Hush—in mercy do not speak. Brother, dear brother, take me back to our tents—place me under the trees which shelter the green earth where our father lies. Speak to me ever of him and of our childhood—and if I cannot *forget* the past—the future shall be all your own. That obedience—that devotion that should have been a husband's, had her lot been a happier one, thy sister will give to thee! Eugene, farewell! In thy dangers—thy trials—thy sorrows, or thy happiness—think that there is one heart whose humble prayers will be lifted morn and night in thy behalf—and brother—dear brother—I—

Col. Damn me, if I can stand this any more! Mohammed, take her—take your sister to your arms and heart—hold her there—close! close! and now, Eugene, take her *to yours*—and if you let her go again in a hurry, you're a greater fool than you look.

Mrs. M. Why, Colonel!

Col. Don't, ma'am! don't destroy the charm. I could'n't help it. I made a good fight of it. Pride and pure feeling—conventionality and sympathy—head and heart were all at it, pell mell, hammer and tongs. Head's floored. Heart's got the best of it! and hang me if I repent it!

Mrs. M. Here's Blanche, poor child!

Col. Oh, Lord! here's another mess. Here, Eugene. Stop—let her go for a moment.

Enter BLANCHE, L. 2 E.

Don't let Blanche see. Ah, too late! Blanche, my darling come hither. You saw, eh?

Blanche. Yes, sir! I saw.

Col. My poor little pet. But you must not blame your old Colonel.

Enter LEON, L.

Blanche. Oh, sir! I don't.

Col. Good girl! good girl! Don't fret, my darling—you shall be mistress of the Chateau. Come here, Leon, and help to comfort her. Tell her, that in affection, I'll be father—brother—husband—all combined. You will aid me?

Leon. Yes, sir! we'll divide the labor. You shall have two shares—father and brother—whilst I'll be content with what remains.

Col. Eh! what! It isn't—

Blanche. Yes, sir, it *is*!

Leon. And *has* been for some time.

Col. [*To himself.*] Jackass again!

Enter SERGEANT, C.

Serj. A dispatch, sir, from the Marshall. Followed us here from Head-quarters.

Col. Very well. [*Opens dispatch.*] Whew! here's news with a vengeance. Exchange of regiments—orders to return to France!

Enter OFL-AN-AGAN, 2 E. R.

Ofl. France! oh, Colonel dear, will you find a seat for me?

Col. Ecod, I should think so. Sergeant, see that a horse is placed at the disposal of—hallo! we haven't got your name yet. Of-an-agan, esquire, sounds rather queer.

Ofl. You may say that. So, if you please, we'll go back to the ould original; and instead of Of-an-agan, we'll say O'Flannigan: the transition is aisy.

Eug. And so, sir, we're off for France again? Well, as those who love you will be glad of that—for it is high time you had some repose at your years—

Col. Years!—what do you mean, sir? Oh, come, come, master Eugene; I've every respect for Young France, Young England, Young America, and all other youths on this or the other side of the deep sea, but there's something in the old soldiers yet. Do you know how old Frederick the Great was when he won his great battle?

Eug. No, sir.

Col. I'll tell ye, 65. Do you know how old Pelissier was when he took the Malakoff?

Eug. I forget exactly.

Col. I'll tell ye, 61. Do you know how old Scott was when he walked into Mexico?

Eug. No, sir.

Col. I'll tell ye, 63.—Oh, hang it, we musn't give up the old soldiers! Leon, my boy, do you think I ought to retire?

Leon. Retire, sir—what for?

Col. Why, for you to take my place, I suppose.

Leon. I think the arrangement much better as it stands.

Col. [*To Audience.*] Well, then, if *you* think the arrangement a good one as it stands, I *won't* retire, except back to France, and at the head of the regiment.

[*Curtains of tent are drawn apart discovering the ZOUAVES, with their Band, Colors, Officers, &c., in marching order. ARABS [men and women,] forming a Tableau as the Curtain descends.*]

THE END.



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